THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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TOO LATE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In snowy draperies like a bride,
With roses heaped upon my breast,
With folded hands and quiet feet,
And sad heart too worn out to beat,
I lay at summer even-tide.

I heeded not who came, what said,
One lingering, longing thought of you
Shut out the world—and all intent
I listened while the long hours went,
For the old-time, familiar tread.

You came at last, when all were gone,
And what was written on your face,
Even through my sealed lids I saw;
And felt my frozen blood would thaw,
My clouded sunset change to dawn.

At least I might when your soft breath
Fell warm upon my forehead cold,
Look up with flushing cheeks, and say
"*I loved you always.*"—Helpless clay!
Love could not break the bonds of Death.

Green is my grave now in your sight,
Where I in sweet contentment sleep.
Heart-warm even yet with what, too late,
Came to perfect my earthly fate,
The reading of your heart aright.

E. M. SIMPSON.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR,

Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &C.

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CHAPTER XIV.

What miracle
Can work me into hope? Heaven here is bankrupt—
The wondering gods blush at their want of power,
And quite abashed, confess they cannot help me.
—*Nat Lee.*

"My dear Sydnie, you have come to your senses at last," Mrs. Lawrence commenced with a smile. I am thoroughly glad. But there is only three months in which to prepare, so we must be expeditious."

"Three months! Why, one could be married a hundred times in that period."

"I suppose so, if the ceremony were all. The engagement had better be announced immediately."

"Announced!" I exclaimed aghast.

"A very short time, I assure you. You will be busy shopping and having sewing done, and go very little into society."

"I don't expect to begin wedding dresses until December at least," I said positively, "and I do hate to be gossiped about. Three weeks will be the utmost limit of my endurance."

"What are you thinking of?" And her soft eyes opened in unbounded astonishment.

"Thinking that no announcement or wedding dresses will be made for the next two months. Aylmer goes home to-morrow, and we shall return to our usual life."

"This is most unreasonable."

"Most reasonable it appears to me. Twenty things may occur—death, disagreement, changes. I don't want to hear one word of the matter outside of Laurelwood. I mean to take all the comfort and pleasure that belong to Miss Adriance proper, and the first of December I promise to deliver myself into your hands and become the most pliable young woman you ever saw."

"What a singular girl!"

"Yes, I *am* singular. It is the last gasp of expiring liberty."

"One would think you did not wish to be married."

"I believe I don't. But it's a woman's destiny, and what matters a few years, sooner or later?"

"You *do* love Aylmer?"

"As well perhaps as I am capable of loving any one. I've almost become a convert to your faith. He will make a charming husband, fond, indulgent and all that, and I shall no doubt settle into a sensible wife. The old belief was all a farce, the chimera of a school girl's brain."

She glanced at me in silence.

"Dear Mrs. Lawrence," and my tone softened, "be patient with me this brief while. Only I don't want the talk and the congratulations until the latest moment."

"We shall have to do something though! We couldn't more than make the dresses in three weeks."

"Do all that can be done quietly then. Save the fuss and the tumult to the very last."

With this we compromised.

Aylmer and I parted tenderly, after the fashion of lovers. Was I hypocritical and insincere? Heaven knows that I was honest in my resolve, that I meant to use my utmost endeavors to make this man happy when he laid "his sleeping life within my hands." But this restless mood tortured me into strange phantasies.

Mr. St. John was polite, interested in all that demanded his concern, but cold, and withdrawn into self, abstracted. He might have experienced a momentary twinge of jealousy concerning Aylmer, but he had not been moved thereto by any love for me. Every day I realized this more and more. No betrayal, no weak moment of tenderness, no longing. A great gulf was between.

And yet I lived through the two months very comfortably. The old gayeties seemed to have a fresh zest for me. I was brilliant, attractive and glittering, like an ice-peak in the sun of a midwinter noon. Nothing seemed to warm me, to touch me with that enkindling spark of humanity which brings all souls to a level. So the days sped along.

With the first of December came Aylmer.

"My darling," he said, "how wonderfully beautiful you have grown; but there's a look about it that almost frightens one."

"Do you fancy that I shall melt into a shadow, etherialize?"

"No, not that. The Scotch have a good word for it—uncanny."

I laughed.

"You'll set all Washington to raving about you this winter."

"Well, if I soar too high you can clip my wings, you know."

"I shall never want to do that, my darling. Believe that I shall be proud of all the admiration you win."

So generous, so delighted in the success of another. I tried to make him feel that I appreciated his tenderness.

Mrs. Lawrence was in her element. I verily believe she and Aylmer were much more concerned about the respective elegance of silks, laces and jewels than I. The whole thing seemed incongruous to me. That one should care so much for the adornment of the body, so little for the aliment of the soul. After the excitement was over, what then? After one wearied of dresses and revels and idle compliments, what could appease this restless, gnawing hunger?

Matters went on to everybody's satisfaction, except that it rained continually and kept us indoors.

"Do you realize the date, and how fast the month is going?" Mrs. Lawrence asked one morning.

"Why? Are you counting on the moon to make a change in the weather?" and Aylmer yawned. "I verily believe the sun has forgotten how to shine."

"It is the tenth, and not an invitation directed."

"There's plenty of time," I said quickly.

"None to spare, at least."

"I wish people could get married without all this foolish fuss and talk," I exclaimed petulantly.

Aylmer glanced up. "I believe this vile weather affects you too. The first respectable morning we will take a good long gallop and bring ourselves back to serenity."

"Well," I said with an effort, "let us amuse ourselves counting up our dear five hundred friends."

With that we adjourned to the library. Aylmer was quite out of spirits, more so than I had ever seen him. There might be many rainy days to life—what then?

Moralizing over one's wedding cards was not quite the thing.

Presently we all became interested. The lists were gone over by each one, all the additions made, and then St. John offered to direct them. Aylmer amused himself writing a few, then sauntered up and down the room. A sky of hopeless gray, drooping so low that it seemed to envelope the tree tops; a drizzling, uncomfortable rain, and a melancholy wail through the distant pines. More than once the vision of Aunt Mildred's death crossed my mind. How strange that I should think of it now!

We lingered over our lunch, we strolled through drawing-room and conservatory, counted the flowers we might expect to blossom in time, went to dinner without any appetites, dawdled through the dessert, and at last lights were brought in.

"What a musty old hermit St. John is!" Aylmer said pettishly. "If he had not gone off to his den, we might have had a game of whist."

"I will send for him," Mrs. Lawrence rejoined.

"No, don't. His high mightiness would only feel bored. Commend me to a city in rainy weather say I. Sydnie, suppose you sing?"

I went to the piano mistrusting my voice, but I determined to make the effort. It was a failure, and he nervously critical on this evening.

"You are dreadfully out of tune," he commented presently.

I rose angrily. My first impulse was to leave the room. Then I reconsidered, and crossed over to the sofa. What a handsome face this was, thrown into clear relief by the crimson pillow! An exterior merely—the soul was narrow, dark, ill-governed, with no resources in itself. Could I minister to it, could I *endure* it for years and years!

"How dull you are to-night."

This time I was wounded. I stood irresolute, every pulse within me mutinous, and rising to a white heat.

"My darling," he said with sudden softness, and drew me to a seat beside him. "When we get to Washington we shall be as gay as larks. I only wish Christmas came sooner."

The fondness had lost its flavor. Kisses were weak and insipid. There was no true and fervent depths in him to be roused by love. All that I had been trying to make myself believe vanished in an instant and left a hideous blank. Already we had come to the dregs. In time, when utterly wearied with his vapidness and trifles, I might even hate him, I shivered at the thought.

"You're not well," he said. "This miserable weather has given you a cold. Isabelle, I can't have her looking like a fright on her wedding day."

"Never fear," I answered, bravely, and with a touch of scorn.

"I think it would be as sensible to retire as sitting up here playing stupid," Mrs. Lawrence remarked, and we accordingly dispersed.

I went to my own room, and in a burst of passionate emotion buried my face in the pillow of the lounge. The wild wind blew tempestuous gusts of rain against the windows, and then moaned off down to the hollows with a desolate wail. I pressed my hands to my burning, throbbing temples. Not a tear came, but a long, hysteric sob tore its way up from my very soul.

Circumstances had betrayed me into this engagement, but *must* I go on and consummate my misery? Was there no strong hand to snatch me from this fateful destiny? Did I dare pray to God?

Oh, I had trifled so with life, with myself! I had perverted the holiest desires of my woman's heart, stooped to gather shining sand that the next wave might wash away. With great capacities for happiness I had wrought evil only, and now I was whirled helplessly along the great stream of life, no one caring for the wreck. The time foretold by my one best friend had come upon me, and I was overwhelmed.

Something rose above the storm without and within. My tense nerves caught the sound—a low, sweet strain, such as a summer wind sings in the lap of greenest meadows. Flower wreaths shaking out faintest perfumes, murmurous leaves touched by a soft south wind. Then it grew stronger, firmer, as if animated by a living soul. A child in careless play, rambling over mountain wilds, prodigal of youth and all that youth holds dear. Gay, joyous, soaring on the wings of fancy, quivering with every breath, easily moved alike to joy or tears.

I forgot the storm and my own misery. I raised my face and listened with absorbing interest.

Girded with the fearlessness of youth that has courage for all things, it went gayly onward. By-ways enticed it, mountain tops glittering with brightness hurried it, beguiling voices of syrens sang their tender songs, and then the real struggle began. The storm, the strange melody, the war in my own heart—how it thrilled me with contending emotions.

There was a lull in the tempest of passion. I heard the calm, sweet voice of the earlier days imploring, then the din and wrangle of bitter strife. A strange, awesome wail as of a soul in peril. Who would gain in this mighty battle?

The gentle voice returned. It was Peace crowned as a victor. The storm of passion died away, and in its place lingered a sweet, ineffable calm.

Was that solemn chant of life prophetic? I was kneeling in the brooding silence with clasped hands and tearful eyes. Could I yet be saved?

There was a sky of azure and a golden sun the next morning. I felt faint, as one who has kept too long a vigil, and yet I lay in a hush of dreamy contentment. As if the crisis of my life had passed, and my heart, like the dove of old, had found rest. Had I the courage to put *my* latent resolve into execution?

I dressed slowly, and went down-stairs. The letters detained by the storm of the preceding day had just arrived.

"I intended to see you before you went," Mrs. Lawrence was saying to the servant. "There is a great package of mail matter that must be sent immediately."

While she was speaking, Aylmer started towards me nodding gayly, his face wreathed in sweetest smiles. My heart wavered so that its beating became audible. Could I give him a traitorous glance, promising hope?

He paused and took up a letter, breaking the seal hastily. A quick cry passed his lips.

"What?" Mrs. Lawrence was startled by the ashen brow.

"My father! Dead! Merciful heavens!"

Mr. St. John joined the group. There was no mistaking his solicitude.

"Dead!" Mrs. Lawrence repeated, raising her eyes in consternation.

He handed the note to St. John. A hasty telegram that made known only the merest facts.

"I must go immediately, you see;" and Aylmer's voice had a strange wandering sound. "The first train." Then he came around to me.

"These festivities must be delayed," I said, in a low tone.

"A bad omen;" and he smiled faintly.

"No matter now."

"It is best. No one would want a wedding at such a gloomy time. And then, everything will have to be changed."

"Yes."

"My darling, this is most unfortunate."

"I am inexpressibly shocked," Mrs. Lawrence said. "You have our warmest sympathies, Aylmer;" and she clasped his hand.

"I will write soon and let you know—"

"We had better give up our present arrangements," I remarked, decisively. "You can tell nothing surely as yet."

Mr. St. John's eyes met mine with a glance that thrilled and terrified.

"You have been saved," it said plainly, and I am sure mine answered, even at the risk of betraying all that was in my soul.

It was a melancholy breakfast, and the parting was sad enough. Something in Aylmer's clinging love touched me inexpressibly. Had I misjudged him the night before?

"Could anything have been more unfortunate?" bewailed Mrs. Lawrence, as she ordered the elegant dresses to be folded away. "I think with Aylmer, that it is an unlucky omen; but I hope it will end rightly."

"It will; rest assured of that;" I said, confidently.

I was glad to get every reminder out of my sight. There was the wraith-like veil and orange blossoms—would they ever be needed?

Aylmer wrote as soon as he reached home. His father had been ill only a few days, not considered at all dangerous until within an hour or two of his death. He found his step-mother plunged into the deepest grief. Her sister, Miss Keith, was with her at the time. I remembered her as one of the Newport belles mentioned by Philip.

The Christmas that was to have been my wedding day we spent very quietly. Another change had come over Mr. St. John. Instead of shunning me, he seemed to seek my society, escorted me out, evinced much interest in my comfort, and was uniformly gentle.

How many events had crowded themselves into the brief space of a year! I hardly appeared to myself the same person. And now the sense of coming freedom gave me a singular buoyancy. How it was to be brought about, I hardly knew, but it was a sure hope to my hitherto burthened heart.

In the evening, Mr. St. John seated himself at the organ and played Milton's grand old Hymn on the Nativity.

"Will you try it?" he asked presently; and I sang, blending my voice with his full, deep tones. There was a light directly in front of the organ, but the far corners of the room were in a dim, twilight shade. The grand, swelling melody roused all the worship of my nature. I felt as if I could have listened and sung forever.

"How the music stirs you," he said, in a soft, pleased voice.

I thought of another night, and a most peculiar experience.

"This appeals to me in a powerful manner," I answered.

The eyes, charged with luminous light, were turned full upon me.

"You played one night some time ago—" and I paused.

"Yes. You liked it?"

"I cannot tell you how it moved me. It seemed the struggle of a human soul.

"It was. A soul in bondage, freeing itself."

He uttered the words slowly. All the fascination he had ever possessed for me returned with renewed force. Something within me confessed the man my master.

He rose and faced me as if he would have spoken, then took two or three turns across the room.

"I wonder if any human soul is strong enough to force its way out to the light?" he asked, abruptly.

"I think it is," I made answer.

From that night I date a new life as it were. I began to see my mistakes more clearly. Pride and self-love had led me far astray, and I had many tortuous paths to retrace. How little advancement I had made in any path of usefulness.

I experienced many misgivings concerning Aylmer. For a few weeks his letters were frequent and extravagantly fond. I answered them in a spirit of tenderest sympathy, because just then coldness would have seemed cruel, but I purposely refrained from positive declarations of affection. I confess to a little pang when I found they passed unremarked. No woman likes to own herself so poor in power over a lover's heart that the withdrawal of tenderness is no longer capable of giving pain. He appeared to be much engrossed with his step-mother and the business, which was rather complicated. He even ceased to make excuses about the visit, and no longer referred to the marriage.

I lacked the courage for an overt act. It was so difficult to make issue with him. I fancied that when we met it could be more easily done. Perhaps, too, I was afraid that Aylmer would prefer an appeal to his cousins, and drag me into a painful explanation, so I waited in wretched indecision, resolved upon one thing only—that I would not become Aylmer Channing's wife.

We were less gay than usual, as Mrs. Lawrence was indisposed for several weeks, yet the time passed very pleasantly, and ere I was hardly aware spring dawned upon us.

One day I was startled by a letter from Mrs. Otis, so different was it from her usual epistles. I thought they all had a strained and wearied air, as if she was striving for peace continually, and yet failed to attain that high satisfaction. But this was bright, sunny and hopeful. She asked me to come and help her keep a new and better wedding day on the anniversary of the old. The whole current of her life had changed.

Another sentence held me in a strange, cold grasp. It was this—"Is it selfish, dear, to rejoice that your engagement is broken? I seem to understand a woman's needs so much better than I did a year ago, that I feel now, brilliant and fascinating as Aylmer Channing is, he could never render any true, loving and loyal woman permanently happy. To come to the dregs when one has expected a draught of clear, rich wine, would be terrible."

I had announced to her that the marriage was delayed, since then neither of us had mentioned it. She must have learned this from some other source, and in a moment I was all anxiety to know the truth. So I proposed a brief visit, in which Mrs. Lawrence acquiesced, but Mr. St. John was instantly annoyed.

"How easily you tire of Laurelwood," he said captiously. "Women can never be satisfied unless they are in the midst of excitement."

"We shall be quiet enough," I returned. "I shall see less society than I do here."

"But more dangerous! For conscience sake, Miss Adriance, don't bring home another lover."

That was bitter. "I assure you I am not likely to," I returned haughtily.

"There is some sensible advice in the old couplet—

'It's good to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new.'"

I felt the sarcasm in his voice, but I would not allow it to ruffle me. Oh, if we could but be friends, patient, true and tender! For a moment I was tempted to confess my difficulties to him, to admit my wants and weakness. His faithless smile deterred me. There was no safe middle ground for us.

I found Anne wonderfully improved. At first I could hardly credit my senses. Bright, winsome and girlish, in a phase that she had never exhibited before. Even at school she had always been grave.

"You must be supremely happy," I said with a pang at my own confessed lack of such inspiration.

"Not *quite* that, but reasonably so," she answered with a smile.

"And you have reversed the order of things—fallen in love with your own husband."

She flushed daintily.

"I believe I begin to understand some of the great truths of life. And I think—" with a little falter, "that I always cared more for him than I really knew. It has been a thorny, confused path, and sometimes I nearly lost the way; but what matter, since the end is clear and bright?"

"You really love him? You are perfectly satisfied?" I asked the question with sudden curiosity. I was eager to know how complete one's belief might become.

"I can answer your question truthfully;" and the sweet eyes drooped with love's own shyness.

"I must hear the story, Anne."

We were in her sitting room, a cosy little place, bright with sunshine, and in each window a hanging basket filled with trailing vines and some gay tropical blossoms. The home-like air impressed one. No stiff formality of arrangement, no lack of cheerful ease.

"It isn't much of a story. Who was it that said some people wrote idyls, others live them? I fancy I must express all truths by living them."

"The only right way," and I sighed a little.

"You are not unhappy?" She knelt beside me and clasped my hand in hers, looking up with fond, questioning eyes.

"I am *not* happy or even comfortable.

Like you, I have gone astray in thorny paths, though I had not your excuse. I suspect I must lay the blame upon my own waywardness."

She made no reply, and after a moment I added—"Why did you fancy my engagement was broken, Anne?"

"Is it not?" Her bright cheek paled suddenly.

"Not a word of the kind has been spoken on either side."

"Sydnie!" Then her look of surprise gave way to one of grief. "Forgive me," she said slowly. "I have wounded you most unconsciously. Let us forget it; only believe that I am sincerely sorry."

"What do you know?"

I held the sweet face within my hands and fathomed the pure eyes. Some secret that she could not entirely conceal lay within their depths.

"I must know. It is of vital importance to me," and the strength of my nature overpowered hers.

"I will tell you the truth," and she made an effort to steady her trembling voice. "Mrs. Channing has a young and beautiful sister, whose fascinations, it was said, exercised a powerful influence over Aylmer last summer at Newport. Since Mr. Channing's death she has been Mrs. Channing's constant companion. Aylmer has been at home all the time, and the rumor is that as soon as propriety will admit, a marriage is to take place. And, my darling, I do not think it mere careless gossip. It came well authenticated to me."

"And do you believe it true of *him?*" I asked.

"Must I be cruel, dear? My eyes have been opened, Sydnie, though I know women do not generally show their wounds to one another. He gave me a cruel thrust early in the battle of life, and yet it is only this winter past that I have realized the depth, the pain that might have been mine, and thank God was not. Don't fancy me actuated by any old soreness. To-day I should be glad to see you happy with him, but this I do not believe any woman can ever be. He lacks the grand element that hallows all love—constancy."

"And yet he was once your ideal," I said almost reproachfully.

"Yes, he was. I will admit that, and more. There was a time when one word more would have won me irrevocably. Circumstances alone prevented it. He used all the arts so natural with him, and if I had not been restrained by a sense of my inability to hold anything so brilliant and supply its needs, I must have yielded. When we met again the charm was gone. He had satisfied himself, perhaps, and no longer cared for my feeble incense. By some strange process we became friends. He still bewildered me with his beauty and dangerous sweetness; but since I had no expectations, I lingered in the glare with a peculiar sense of security. Then came my engagement with Mr. Otis. I accepted him partly to please papa, partly because I did feel very grateful, and a good deal from the firm belief that he loved me, and would be much better satisfied with a quiet regard than none at all. I hate myself for it all now;" and she made a sudden gesture of abhorrence. "I had not seen Mr. Channing for some months, but an accidental current drifted him to my vicinity. He had heard of my engagement and congratulated me warmly. It is his misfortune that he should always seem so earnest, so interested, for it misleads others. During the summer before, there had been some playful badinage at my cousin's about standing at our marriages, he gayly promising to perform the kind office when needed. She accepted him at once, as her bridal was at hand. He referred to this jestingly, and a sudden resolve came into my mind. I would ask you, and judge in what estimate dispassionate eyes held him. Remember that then I admired him to the utmost, and had never felt inclined to blame him for not loving me. I understood all our differences too plainly. I could never satisfy a nature that demanded such incessant variety.

"If I had possessed sufficient courage I should have confessed the truth to Mr. Otis. It was not that I really loved any one else, but that I did not love him. I was so afraid of giving him pain. And then the explanations loomed up like a huge mountain and terrified me. I could never undertake them. Unconsciously you touched upon the secret, sensitive cords of my nature in one of our many talks, and then I felt I must go on at all hazard."

"My poor Anne," I interrupted. "How could you conceal all this misery under such a cheerful demeanor?"

"It did not seem to require any effort then; besides, I was only negatively wretched. I had no sharp, positive pangs, such as reveal the soul. It was harder afterward;" and her voice faltered.

"Well," I said, "after you were married?—"

"Mr. Otis was very kind and considerate. He provided every luxury, every pleasure, made me feel that I was perfectly free to spend as much time at home as I wished; in short, demanded nothing of me. Instead of drawing nearer together, the insensible breach between us widened until it could be distinctly perceived. It gave me a thrill of nameless terror. What could I do? I felt so helpless, so lost, as if I were floating in a great unknown sea without chart or compass.

"And then a very simple incident occurred. Mr. Otis was compelled to go east on some business. The weather being unfavorable, I did not accompany him. Ten days only, and yet it seemed interminable. I missed the tenderness, the watchful care, the sure support that I needed more and more every day. While I was in this mood, one of those fearful railroad accidents happened that shock every body. I hardly thought of it as concerning myself until I received a telegram from Mr. Otis. He had escaped unhurt by a miracle he said.

"A sudden burst of remorseful tenderness rushed over me. Are there such things in love as instant conversions? If he had been brought home dead, I hardly think it would have moved me as deeply. I experienced a most intense and agonizing desire to see him, to tell him that my soul had been kindled with some deep inward fire, and longed to answer the needs of his. I could see the loneliness of the spiritual life to which I had condemned him by my coldness and reserve. I felt then that I did love him truly, and I was wild to show it by words as well as works. Ah, I cannot tell you how I waited. I even sent the children home. For the first time in my life I wished to be alone with him, so that no indifferent eye should look upon the sacredness of our meeting. It seemed as if he would never come. The train had been detained, and it was quite late in the evening when he arrived. The servant admitted him in the hall, and then he came straight to the sitting room. I sprang up and was folded to his heart, but I could not speak for sobs that well nigh strangled me."

"'My precious wife,' he exclaimed, 'are these tears for me?' And there was a depth in his tone that I had never heard before. It fairly trembled, and the strong arms shook as if with an ague.

"Ah well, one can never remember just what one does in these great straits of life. Perhaps it is as well;" and the crimson flushes deepened from brow to throat. "And all the while, Sydnie, he feared that I had loved Aylmer hopelessly. At least he began to mistrust just before our marriage."

"Yet he dared to risk the chances?"

"He loved me so, dear. I can never be sufficiently grateful for all the patient kindness. And it seems as if I had not understood Aylmer until lately. He makes a changeful holiday feast of love, forgetting that it must be a woman's daily bread, too often rendered black and bitter by man's selfishness. My dear friend, have I pained you beyond forgiveness?

"It was right for me to know this. And now I will be equally honest, even if the confession *is* humiliating. I have *not* really loved him. Two weeks before our appointed marriage day I resolved to break the engagement. I don't know whether I should have had the courage, but he was called away by his father's sudden death. Since then I have been temporizing.

"Oh, my darling, I am *so* thankful;" and she raised her eyes bright with tears that were not all sorrow. "You are worthy of a higher happiness."

"I don't know that I am worthy of any," I exclaimed vehemently. "I have been wilfully blind, impatient, wise in my own sight, and now I reap the whirlwind that I have sown—the loss of esteem, the mortification of this position. I hate myself!"

"And I have been the cause!" she said with poignant self-reproach.

"No, you shall not blame yourself. Mr. St. John warned me, and even withheld his consent for a time. He thought his cousin fickle, fond of change and excitement. I shall bring my unlucky engagement to an end immediately, thankful that there has been so little said about it."

How much truth was there in a man's regard? Hugh Graham was happy at Mont Argyle with his sweet young wife. He had met me with a good deal of complacence, and after our first greeting betrayed no embarrassment. Yet I confess that in my heart I honored him, but the treachery and faithlessness of Aylmer Channing were beyond forgiveness. I had allowed myself to be beguiled by this adoration offered at many a shrine before, and perhaps to be laid upon others. The remembrance of every kiss stung me. The tenderness I had allowed to be paraded before Mr. St. John rushed over me with a bitter sense of humiliation. He, knowing what it was worth, had smiled over it. How *could* I endure his triumph!

I soon made Anne understand that no deep regard was concerned in the promise, and then she urged me not to delay the step so imperatively necessary. And as I glanced at her beaming face I gave thanks that she had so soon found the grand secret of life and was walking in pleasant ways.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A "mammoth" musical box has arrived from Germany, for a German gentleman of Troy, N. Y. The instrument is about eight feet high and four wide, and plays twenty tunes, with the effect of an orchestra.

☞ The Bishop of Argyle tells several stories about the churches in the western highlands of Scotland. He was lately compelled to remove from one of the churches in his diocesesone of the illuminated texts: "Drink, and let the camels drink also." It was originally intended to be a precept to inculcate kindness to animals; but the people, who had very slight knowledge of English, interpreted it to be a permission to indulge in liquor, and allow their old enemies on the other side of the hills, the Campbells, to refresh themselves in the same way.

☞ An American gentleman on a visit to Paris, says, "The first night I wanted hot water, and the maid could not understand my French until, in humorous despair, I exclaimed: 'Oh, pshaw!' When she at once laughed and said, 'Eau chaud, monsieur!' 'Oui, oui,' I replied, and in a minute had my hot water."

☞ It is easy to say ill-natured things, and thus get a reputation for smartness; but genuine humor doesn't flow from a bitter fountain. It is gentle and genial, comes from a bright and loving spirit, and refreshes while it excites to mirth and laughter. Less brilliant than wit, it is more agreeable. While the one offends by its severity, the other makes a man ashamed of his follies without exciting his resentment.

☞ "My dear, if the sacrifice of my life would please thee, most gladly would I lay it at thy feet." "Oh, sir, you are too kind! But it just reminds me that I wish you would stop using tobacco." "Can't think of it. It's a habit to which I am wedded."

☞ FEARFUL.—A Western orator has somewhat startled his hearers by proposing the idea of "grasping a ray of light from the great orb of day, spinning it into threads of gold, and with them weaving a shroud in which to wrap the whirlwind which dies upon the bosom of our Western prairies." They fear that the machinery would break before the fabric was through the loom.

☞ The suit of the widow Lyon against Home, the Spiritualist, for the recovery of $300,000 obtained from her under "magnetic influence," is progressing in London. The revelations made in court are curious, denoting the progress of the new ritualistic dispensation of raps, table tips, leg touches, knotted handkerchiefs, and talk of dead persons.

☞ A MYSTERY.—It is said that the late King Louis of Bavaria left eight coffers, the contents of which is a mystery. One is to be opened in 1893, and the others in 1918.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00.** One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00.** Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 8 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get a large Premium Steel Engraving.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR, TRYING THE WORLD.

We began in THE POST of April 4th, the above novelet by Miss Douglas.

It is the story of a young girl's adventures in "trying the world," and we think will be perused with a great deal of interest.

It will probably run through from fifteen to twenty numbers of THE POST.

THE GREENBACK.

Massachusetts has recently negotiated a loan of three million dollars for twenty years at four per cent. in gold per annum. The National Government pays six per cent. gold, and our bonds are taken cautiously at that. In other words, the United States pays six per cent. gold for one thousand dollars of *currency*—Massachusetts can for four per cent. gold borrow one thousand dollars in *gold.* Now this two per cent. loss in interest, and twenty-five or thirty per cent. loss in the principal, accurately represents the depreciation in the national credit, caused by the fear on the part of the capitalists of the world that we will not come promptly up to our financial engagements.

Massachusetts, all through the war, paid her interest in gold. She had agreed to do it, and she did it. Now she begins to reap her reward.

If there were not a particle of doubt in the minds of foreign capitalists as to the implicit performance by our government of all its pecuniary engagements, we should be able to go into the money market of the world with a consolidated loan, and obtain money as cheaply as Massachusetts. And with the proceeds of this new loan, we could pay off our old ones as they became due. In this way, instead of paying six per cent., we could decrease our interest to four per cent. a year.

There need be no dispute between paying our bonds in coin or in greenbacks. Let every greenback be brought to the gold standard, and the dispute is settled. What is a Greenback? It speaks for itself:—"The United States promise to pay to the bearer Five *Dollars.* Payable at the Treasury of the United States in New York." Similar to this they all read.

Now what is a *Dollar?* Only another paper promise to pay a dollar? A *note* is one thing—a *dollar* is another. A greenback is a *note*—a promise to pay *on demand* a certain number of dollars.

Now the dollar of the United States is not at all a doubtful article. It is defined with great clearness and accuracy in the laws of Congress—and is made of silver or gold, of a certain weight and fineness. A one dollar greenback is no more a dollar, than a bank note for one dollar is a dollar. It is simply a government promise to pay a dollar—and that not at any future time, but on demand.

Every greenback in circulation witnesses this solemn pledge of the Nation—and every greenback also witnesses the failure of the National Faith. The holder takes his greenback to the Treasury, and demands his dollar; and, although there may be $100,000,000 in gold there—genuine dollars—he is told he cannot be paid.

Now it seems to us, that the first thing for the Nation to do, is to bend all its energies to making the greenback a truth, and not a perpetual lie. Then we shall at least begin to dwell in realities, and not in continual shams. So long as the whole financial structure is based on a sham, you may expect a continual brood of nonsensical and foolish financial vagaries as the result.

Make your Greenback a solid Truth—make your financial yard-stick a simple yard—and retrench all needless governmental expenses—and your other difficulties are already half conquered.

But while the vision of the people is confused—and they are taught that a paper promise to pay a dollar, is in itself a dollar—and while they are further taught that it is even patriotic if not religious, to believe such a falsehood—you cannot wonder that they should give a patient hearing and acceptance to all other kinds of financial shams and quackeries.

The government now has at least $80,000,000 of its own gold in its vaults; let it simply say—On a certain day, six months hence, we will redeem our greenbacks in dollars, and the price of greenbacks will begin to rise at once. The gold the government has on hand is probably amply sufficient to do this. We believe that the price of greenbacks would rise nearly to the value of gold before three months had passed; and that there would be no run upon the Treasury when the day of redemption came. The Banks of the country have done the same thing over and over again, when they were no stronger in coin than the government is now. For all the financial interests of the community—with a few exceptions—are bound up with the success of such movements.

But, if the present stock of gold is thought not to be sufficient, then borrow in Europe $100,000,000 more—to be held in reserve if needed. The whole financial interest of the world would aid us in this matter, because it is the interest of the world at large that we should resume. The thing is perfectly feasible—it is the one thing that needs doing above everything else, except economizing our expenditures—it will plant the business of the country at once upon solid ground, and thus encourage enterprise and activity—and until this is done, the most cunningly contrived plans to restore the business prosperity of the country, will be unavailing and fruitless.

SHALER'S FAMILY SCALES.—It is an excellent thing, in fact almost a necessity, to have a good and handy scales in a family. We need not enlarge upon this point—every housekeeper knows it. Now as for convenience, Shaler's application of the spring balance to the counter scale, seems to us to be just the thing—the weight being indicated on a dial plate. One weighing up to 24 pounds, with a good sized tin scoop, is sold at $4.50.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE OLD WORLD IN ITS NEW FACE. Impressions of Europe in 1867-1868. By HENRY W. BELLOWS. Vol. 1. Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

BRAKESPEAR; OR, THE FORTUNES OF A FREE LANCE. A NOVEL. By the author of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," "Sans Merci," "Maurice Dering," &c. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 819 and 821 Market St., Philada.

RAGGED DICK; OR, STREET LIFE IN NEW YORK WITH THE BOOT-BLACKS. By HORATIO ALGER, Jr., author of "Frank's Campaign," "Paul Prescott's Charge," "Charlie Codman's Cruise," "Helen Ford." Loring, Publisher, 319 Washington St., Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut St., Philada.

WHERE IS THE CITY? A Religious Work referring to the doctrines of the various sects. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

POOR HUMANITY. A Novel. By F. W. ROBINSON, author of "Christie's Faith," "Mattie: A Stray," "Carry's Confession," &c., &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 819 and 821 Market street, Philada.

THE PIC-NIC PAPERS. By CHARLES DICKENS; and other authors. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

LIFE OF JOSEPH GRIMALDI; THE NOTED ENGLISH CLOWN. Written out from Grimaldi's own manuscript and notes. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE PIRATE. By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

FORTUNES OF NIGEL. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE GALAXY. For June, 1868. New York, Sheldon & Co., 498 and 500 Broadway.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. April, 1868. American Edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 140 Fulton St., New York, and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD ACROSS THE CONTINENT. Published by the Company, New York.

Leap Year.

This being Leap year, many gentlemen have received offers of marriage from ladies, and much difficulty has been experienced by the uninitiated in making the necessary preparations. The young men of the present day are so modest that they would rather die than ask what was the proper thing to do on such an occasion. As a measure of partial relief we give the following from an Eastern paper, in the hope that it may prove useful. If any further information of the same sort should fall in our way we will promptly lay it before our readers:

TROUSSEAU FOR A BRIDEGROOM

One black suit	$80 00
One pocket handkerchief	35
Two shirts—plain bosom	5 00
One night-shirt—embroidered	4 00
Two paper collars	5
One pair drawers—plain	1 75
One pair night-drawers—ruffled	2 50
One bottle whiskey	2 00
One paper of cloves	15
One cake honey soap	25
One corkscrew	25
One bottle bitters	1 50
One ivory toothpick	20
One Baxter's Saint's Rest	2 00
Total	$100 00

TOYS.—It has often been remarked that to watch the procession in London called the Lord Mayor's Show, from the top of the dome of St. Paul's, is to watch a line of toys. Toys we all are, at one time or another, in one way or another; so that a chapter on human life, with its joys and sorrows, its progress and vicissitudes, its aims and occupations, its sentiments, dresses, and dinners, viewed from some sublime height which should dwarf it into its real littleness, would form a very suggestive and not uninteresting chapter on toys.

☞ Josh Billings says he never will patronize a lottery so long as he can hire anybody else to rob him at reasonable wages.

IMPEACHMENT.

The vote was taken on the 16th—it being resolved by 35 ayes to 19 nays to take the vote on the 11th article first; which article is in substance as follows:—

Article XI. charges that the President declared in a speech at Washington, in August, 1866, that the Thirty-ninth Congress was not a constitutional body, but a Congress of only a part of the States; that he thus denied that its legislation was valid and obligatory upon him, except so far as he approved the same, and also denying its power to propose amendments to the Constitution; and, in pursuance of this denial, unlawfully devised means to prevent the execution of the tenure act, by trying to prevent Stanton from resuming his duties as Secretary of War; and also devised means to prevent the execution of the act requiring army orders to be given through Gen. Grant; and also devised means to prevent the execution of "the act to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel states," commonly called the reconstruction act. These offences are popularly called misprision of perjury—i. e., trying to induce officers to violate their oaths, or devising plans to violate one's own oath, by refusing to execute these laws.

The following was the vote in detail:—

GUILTY.—Anthony, Cameron, Cattell, Chandler, Cole, Conkling, Conness, Corbet, Cragin, Drake, Edmunds, Ferry, Frelinhuysen, Harlan, Howard, Howe, Morgan, Morton, Morrill (Me.,) Morrill (Vt.,) Nye, Patterson, (N. H.,) Pomeroy, Ramsey, Sherman, Sprague, Stewart, Sumner, Thayer, Tipton, Wade, Williams, Wilson, Willey, Yates.

NOT GUILTY.—Bayard, Buckalew, Davis, Dixon, Doolittle, Fessenden, Fowler, Grimes, Henderson, Hendricks, Johnson, McCreery, Norton, Patterson (Tenn.,) Ross, Saulsbury Trumbull, Van Winkle, Vickers.

The vote stood 35 for conviction, and 19 for acquittal. So Andrew Johnson was acquitted on that article.

The Court then adjourned to May 26th.

Long Faces.

What a sad mistake it is to suppose that a man should be gloomy because he is devout; as if misery were acceptable to God on its own account, and happiness an offence against his dignity. A modern writer of much wisdom and pith of writing, says:—

"There is a secret of unbelief amongst some men that God is displeased with men's happiness, and so they slink about creation, ashamed and afraid to enjoy anything!"

These are the people of whom Hood says:—"They think they're pious when they're only bilious!"

A good man is almost always a cheerful one. It is fit that bad men scowl, look blue and melancholy, but he who has God's smile of approbation upon him, should show its radiance in his countenance. Dr. Johnson said he "never knew a villain in his life that was not, on the whole, an unhappy dog." And well he may be. And an honest man—the man with a good conscience—let him enjoy his sleep, and his dinner, and the love of his wife, and the prattle of his children, and show a beaming face to his neighbor. Surely there is no worse theology than that which teaches that He who has given such fullness of joy to beast and birds, delights in the misery of men; or that having been filled with gladness, we ought to give the lie to His goodness by wearing faces beclouded with woe, and furrowed by pretended unhappiness.

A Life Insurance Story.

An English paper has the following:—There is a well-known London physician who has the greatest possible antagonism to smoking. He is medical referee to two life insurance offices, and a gentleman who applied to him for inspection a little while ago came away greatly depressed because his "life" had been rejected. The matter was a serious one, inasmuch as the applicant was a professional man, with a large income that would die with him, and he was the father of a numerous family. He made known his griefs to a medical friend, who thoroughly examined him and declared him as sound as a bell. "Whom did you see?" said the friend. "Dr ———," replied the applicant. "O, I see, and he asked you whether you smoked?" "Yes." "Well, Dr. ——— is referee for another office; apply to be insured there; Dr. ——— never recognizes faces; he won't know you, and when he asks you if you smoke, you needn't tell a fib, but you can put him off in some way." The applicant appeared a second time before Dr. ———, who did not in the least recognize him. At the end of the examination Dr. ——— said, "Do you smoke?" "It's a filthy, disgusting habit," replied the applicant. "I have great pleasure in recommending you as a perfectly sound and healthy life," said Dr. ——— to the applicant whom a fortnight ago he had refused to pass.

THE SENATORS' OATH.—As some curiosity has been excited as to the exact language of the oath taken by the Chief Justice and the Senators on the Impeachment Trial, we quote it as follows:—

"I do solemnly swear that in all things appertaining to the trial of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, I will do impartial justice, according to the Constitution and laws, so help me God."

☞ At a trial of three-year-old colts, at the Oneida county fair, Job Crocker was trotting his tall, gaunt colt at full speed, and in such an eager manner—with his head stretched forward, and his mouth wide open—as to attract the crowd, when Donaldson sung out, "Shut your mouth, Job, or the draught will stop your horse."

☞ Horse-thieves are not hanged in Montana. They are only "left on the road by themselves."

QUOTH Tom, 'Tis strange that in the world
So much injustice should abound.
Nay, answered John, the human heart
Is never on the right side found.

☞ Celedon, the latest fashion in colors, is described as a mixture of pea-green and orange—something like the tint of a kitten's eye in a coal cellar.

☞ "My friend," said a seedy person to an acquaintance at the ferry, "I wish you would loan me two quarters to cross the ferry; I hain't got a dollar in the world." "Well, I would like to know," was the reply, "what difference it makes to a man who hasn't got a dollar in the world which side of the river he is on?"

Five Brothers' Five Fixes.

PREFATORY.

We had not all met together for nearly thirteen years. We were five brothers: Dick the settler, a confirmed old bachelor who had prospered in New Zealand; Jack the sailor, who had been all over the world,

One foot on land and one on sea,
To one thing constant never;

Ned the parson, who was married; Harry the soldier, always in search of a wife who could live on a red-coat's pay; and lastly, myself, a barrister, married, and rejoicing in the name of Charles.

We were assembled together at our brother Ned's vicarage in Oxfordshire in January, 186-. The frost was severe, the snow deep on the ground. One evening after dinner, before the ladies, consisting of Ned's wife and mine, had left us, it was proposed by one of our number, that as we had not all met together for so long a time, and possibly, or probably, might not all come together again, in health and spirits, we should amuse ourselves by each honestly relating in turn the greatest *fix* he had ever been in. Objections of course were raised. The parson was very fond of his rubber, when he could get one among his relations and friends, who did not judge him harshly, and he would have much preferred whist.

"Nonsense, Ned; it *is* sure to snow all to-morrow; we will adjourn after breakfast to the most remote bedroom, and play at cards all day, if you like, with the blinds down."

This was said by Sailor Jack, to whom one hour out of the twenty-four was exactly the same as another, whether for sleeping, eating, drinking, playing, or working.

"Well, but," said Dick, "owing to my New Zealand habits, I cannot tell a yarn myself, nor listen to other men's yarns, unless I have a pipe; and Mrs. Ned will only let us smoke in the kitchen, and that not until half-past ten, when the servants have gone to bed."

Forthwith, Soldier Harry began to demonstrate to Mrs. Ned that with snow eight inches deep in the open, and eight feet deep where it had drifted, no one would dream of calling to-morrow, or for the next week at least, not even the ubiquitous Lord Bishop; that the parson's study was musty like himself, and wanted airing; that his books were damp, and would be all the better for tobacco-smoke. To cut the matter short, in half an hour's time five pipes were going in the Rev. Edward Temple's study—for even the parson smoked when led into temptation—and six pair of ears were ready to listen to the narration of the fix the seventh individual was relating. I say six pair of ears, for Ned's wife and mine joined our party—I believe from curiosity—they said to keep us from smoking too much, and sitting up too late. Well, it was unladylike or ungentlemanly, I grant you, my reader, five pipes, two ladies; but it was Christmas-time, we had not met for very many years, the snow had drifted so much that entrance through the front-door was impossible; we could only get out at the back-door, so that, owing to the weather, there was not much chance of our being disturbed and detected; and, moreover, I had strictly promised that if I ever printed the fixes, I would either not mention the fact of the ladies having been present at the recital thereof, or else I would suppress all illusion to the pipes. The ladies will not see the proof-sheets of this; I shall be able to manage my wife when she comes across it in print; and as for Ned's wife, I will not go and see her till the matter has blown over.

DICK THE SETTLER'S FIX.

"Before I begin," said Dick, "let me distinctly understand that there is to be no shirking on the part of any of us, no keeping back part of our biggest fix, no substituting *a* fix for *the* fix of our lives."

"All right, Dick; we promise; go on. But why make such a fuss?"

"Why, my dear fellow? Why, because I could tell you of lots of fixes with brother-settlers, with wild cattle, with Maoris, and so forth, most of them, too, terminating to my credit; but if I am to tell you the biggest fix of my life, I shall be writing myself down an ass, and you all will have a laugh against me."

"Go on, Dick—go on," resounded through the room; and Dick began his tale. But he looked so sheepish and so pale, that any one, seeing him for the first time, would infallibly have imagined that he had smoked too much, and was going to be ill; whereas all the tobacco and all the drink in the world would hardly have made any impression upon so seasoned a subject as he was. Let me add that he was, and always had been, the most unmarrying, unmarriageable bachelor that ever existed. If his language is at times slightly unclassical, bear in mind the all but solitary life he had led in New Zealand. I took his story down in short-hand as he spoke.

"You see, old fellows, some fourteen years ago, I wanted to marry."

"Wanted to *marry*, Dick," roared we; "*you* wanted to marry!"

"Now, look you," said Dick, "if you won't let a fellow tell his story in his own way, I can't and won't go on. I tell you that some fourteen years ago I *did* want to marry. I did not care for a bit of pink and white flesh, as most fools do. I would rather have kissed my rifle than any bride under the sun; but I wanted to marry. I was going out to New Zealand, and wished to take with me one who would look after my house, who would cook my meals, and talk to a fellow when smoking his pipe at night, and mend his bags when they were torn. *Now*, I am as dab a hand as the (late) Bishop of New Zealand himself in patching my breeks, but formerly I was not. Well, I saw clearly no one could do all this for me but a wife, so I determined to marry. I said nothing to any one about the matter—first, because I knew I should get so roasted on the subject of the bare possibility of my being in love that my life would be made miserable; secondly, because my time was short, and I was determined to make quick work, and choose for myself, instead of letting others make a mull of the business for me. On turning the matter over in my mind, the only two ladies I could think of who would suit my book were Fanny Fitzpatrick, a jolly young woman, whose father was a kind of Irish squire; and Margaret Leslie, the first daughter of a fast Devonshire parson. I should think some of you fellows must have known Margaret in former days; at anyrate, I know that you have been in her company in the ball-room and in the hunting-field. The question was, which should I propose to first. Margaret had the best seat on horseback, and would make a capital settler's wife, as far as hard outdoor life, horse-catching, horse-breaking, &c., were concerned; but then, somehow, Fanny seemed to have more "go" in her; she stuck at nothing outdoors, indoors, up-stairs, down-stairs, with friends, with strangers; she was able to do everything simply, I believe, because she had pluck to go at everything. In audacity, she rivalled Lord John."

"Yes, but," interrupted Mrs. Ned, "you surely, Dick, were not going to marry because a girl could ride well or work well; and you could not have loved both Fanny and Margaret."

"Besides, Dick," added my wife, "you know little of a woman's heart if you think she would value that kind of love, and she would at once, by instinct, gauge the amount of your affection."

"Bother!" almost roared Dick, changing from the color of a peony to the sodden paleness of a Liverpool and Isle of Man excursionist. "I never said I did love, did I? I don't know anything about it, thank goodness; and what is more, I will be bound to say that if you could get to the bottom of the matter, you would find that Ned and Charles had only married you for some such reason as I mention."

Ned and I of course at once went through pantomimic action to the effect that Dick was a horrible mendacious wretch, raising our eyes to the ceiling, and so on; while our wives looked tenderly and fondly into our loving faces.

Dick proceeded: "Time was getting on, and I could not make up my mind which would suit me best, Fanny or Margaret. At last, I was obliged to decide, but could not easily, so I tossed up a shilling—heads, Margaret; tails, Fanny."

"Oh, wretched!" groaned the wives.

"The bob came down tails, so it was a case of Fanny. What I wrote to her exactly, I forget; but it was to the point—namely, that I had so much money; was going to New Zealand; wanted a wife; and would take her, if she would have me. I added, that to save her the bother of writing a refusal, I should conclude, if I did not hear in a fortnight, that she did not mean to accept my offer. Well, day after day passed on, and I heard nothing. I suppose you fellows would say that I was on the tenter-hooks of expectation, and all that kind of bosh—not a bit of it; I did not care much—if Fanny did not rise at my fly, I would throw for Margaret; and if I could not hook and land either, why, after all, I could, I supposed, get an old cook in Auckland, who would, for a time, do for me. At last, the fourteen days had elapsed; I waited one more day to make sure. No answer. So it was clear that Fanny would not have me. Well, then, I proceeded to try and lasso the other filly. I thought of applying to the parson, Ned, to write the second letter for me to Margaret, because all that kind of thing and gammon was in his line." [Ned looked indignant.] "But then I thought that either Margaret would smell a rat, or that perhaps Ned would pot her for himself." [Ned's wife looked daggers.] "So I wrote myself to Margaret pretty much the same kind of epistle as I sent to Fanny; but I left out the fortnight part of the business. A few days afterwards, I received two letters by post, one of which I thought looked like a dun; the other was from Margaret, full of what you people would, I suppose, call gushing sentimentality. She accepted me. I was at length her own darling; could I ever have been so silly as to doubt it? Papa and mamma were delighted, and she was distracted with happiness, or some such stuff, at being able at length to sign herself my loving Margaret." [We could hardly help laughing at Dick's stolid, matter-of-fact face, as he went on with his story.] "So that job was settled; I was to marry Margaret. Correspondence never was much in my line. In two months I was to sail, so I made up my mind to go at once down to Devonshire, and settle everything *viva voce!* I rang the bell for my servant, ordered my portmanteau to be got ready, and preparations made for my journey. I then carelessly broke the envelope of my second letter. It had been misdirected, had travelled half over England, and was covered with very many post-marks. It was dated Bath, and began—'My dearest Dick.' I looked at the envelope closely: instead of 'Glover, Moore and Co., to whom I knew I owed a bill, I found printed on the seal, 'I love you more and more,' with a heart or something in the middle. I am not much of a coward, but I declare to you I burst into a cold perspiration as I read something to this effect: 'My dearest Dick—We had left home before the arrival of your dear letter, which I shall for ever keep, and have been travelling incessantly, so that it was not till last night that I received your offer. I at once referred the matter to my dear papa: I gained his consent; and now let me tell you that you have made me the happiest of women. I do not believe any girl in Ireland can be happier than I am;' and then she went on writing about the oak and the ivy united in a foreign land, and braving together the storms of adversity, saying she would cling to me for ever, and winding up with; 'always, my dearest, darling Dick, your most fondly affectionate Fanny.' Now all this was pleasant: I was engaged to two women at once."

Dick's face was grand; we could stand it no longer. One of us began to giggle, and in a moment we were all roaring with laughter at Dick. He, half-philosophically, half-angrily filled his pipe, and puffed away. When our mirth was somewhat abated, he resumed: "It may be very good fun for you *now*, but you see *then* I was in my fix, and how to get out of it was the question. I could not see my way to getting out of it creditably, but I determined I would not be a blackguard. Marry two women I could not. Prefer one of the innocent little dears to the other, I also could not. I wished both the affectionate loving lambkins at Jericho, but I could not choose one before the other, nor could I bear the idea of tossing up, now that I had hooked them both, or rather, I should say they had both hooked me. Then, again, ugly ideas of irate fathers and gunpowder, horse-whipping brothers loomed in the distance. What on earth could be done? At one time, I thought of sailing straight off to New Zealand prematurely; and then I remembered you all at home, the tarnish to the family name, and the anathemas that would be launched at me across the water by those I loved. Well, I made up my mind to go through it all, to see every one, explain the matter fully. Surely every one, thought I, must see it was a mistake, and will make allowances for me. What allowances they made, you shall hear.

"About three o'clock the next afternoon, I knocked at a certain Rectory, not many miles from Exeter, the residence of the Rev. Henry Mortlake Leslie. The footman answered the door, and on my inquiring if his master was at home, showed me into the dining-room, which was empty. The wretch knew me well enough, probably knew what was up, and certainly was acting under orders. In a few minutes, Miss Margaret came in with a sheepish smile, and having shaken hands began in her demure way to show signs that she expected something more, expected me to kiss her, or paw her, or do something of that kind; called me dearest Dick, cooed about her happiness, evidently wanted but the faintest sign to fall on my neck and kiss me. I backed round the room; she followed, I with my hands behind me. She looked as if she would like to stretch out her hands towards me. However, this would never do. At last, I brought up suddenly on the rug. She subsided into a kind of hang-dog position, head down, forepaws trembling. 'Ahem, Miss Leslie,' said I.

"Miss Leslie! Dick, dear Dick, what are you about?"

"Why, you see, Miss Leslie, the fact is—"

"Miss Leslie! Dick! the fact! why, what?" she gasped.

I then burst into an explanation. What I said I know not; the next thing I recollect was, that she lay on the rug shrieking. I rang the bell hard, twice; in rushed the servants, papa and mamma.

"Oh, the wretch!" bowled Margaret: "he has married another;" then she fainted again. Water dashed in her face only caused her to shriek once more: "Papa, mamma, he is going to bring his wife here; he has got her in the hall. Oh-o-o-o!"

Things were at a pretty pass. O, yes, you may well laugh, all of you; but think of me. "Perhaps," said I to the father, "you will let me see you in another room, and I will explain all."

"Certainly, sir, if the matter admits of explanation. James," added he to the footman, "be close in attendance in the hall. Now, sir," turning to me, "come this way."

We entered the study. I then began. He heard me with compressed lips, and a face pale with rage, even his rubicund nose became white for the nonce. When I had all but finished, he burst out: "Sir, you blackguard, you brute, you villain, you scoundrel!"

"Allow me to explain, sir," said I.

"You rascal, you have tried to explain; you dog, you traducer of my poor daughter's innocence." What on earth he meant exactly, I do not know, nor probably did he in his rage. "You come here, you steal my child's affections; I would horsewhip you, if it was not for my cloth. You dared not have thus outraged my feelings if I had not been a clergyman. Be off with you, or James shall kick you out. Be off, sir, I say, or I shall soon forget myself, and swear. Be off, or James shall kick you out!" He rang the bell for the footman. "James, kick the rascal out." James hesitated.

"Allow me to explain, sir," said I.

"James, kick him, kick him to the front-door, and down the drive."

I was getting angry. James looked at both of us. He did not know what to do.

"Allow me, sir, to explain again; don't you see that it is my misfortune, not my fault?"

"James, kick him: I will double your wages; a sovereign for every kick you give the rascal;" and he threw three or four sovereigns on the table. James elevated his foot at the sight of gold, and advanced.

"Sir, I am," said I, "the victim of circumstances."

"You and your circumstances be—;" and that was the last I heard as I bolted out of the room from my exasperated No. 1 father-in-law-that-was-to-be, and from his footman's too. The parson said I all but made him swear. The fact was, he had used very unclerical language. What is meant by swearing, I hardly know, but his language had been much worse than I have repeated, or probably than he had imagined. I banged the hall-door after me, and was soon after on my road back to town. Well, thought I, if that is the fuss the clerical gentleman makes about a mistake, what on earth will the Irish squire say? I was half inclined, on second thoughts, to marry Fanny Fitzgerald, but then it struck me, if such a course was not right before I had seen Mr. Leslie, it could not be right now; and besides, my worst enemy could never say that fear drove me to take any step I disapproved of. However, thought I, the next affair shall be differently managed; and I will see papa first. He will listen to reason, if he has not got a daughter howling in the next room.

"In three or four days, I was at a country inn in Ireland, awaiting the arrival of my No. 2 father-in-law-that-was-to-be, to whom I had despatched a note. When he came, he embraced me, called me his broth of a boy, his jewel, and so forth. I found out afterwards that he was in debt, and wanted, through his daughter, to get hold of my money. After a time, I sobered him, and then we got to work. 'Sir,' said he, when I had finished, 'by the powers! you shall hear of this again: I will foight; I will kill you, you spalpeen.' I am not a good hand at Irish, so I will pass over his expletives, merely adding that while he was howling with rage, and had all but struck me, to compel me to give him satisfaction, the landlord entered, people separated us, and he was taken away declaring I should hear from him again. In an hour or two, his friend came: who he was, I neither knew nor cared. At daybreak, we were paraded at twelve paces from each other. My second was a lawyer whom I knew in the neighborhood, and who came out to back me up, for the Irish fun of the thing. Just as I was going to bed the previous night, a hostler, belonging to the inn, came into my room with a bow and a scrape, and gave me a note: 'From the young lady, sir.' Thoughtlessly, I tore it open; read it, although it began, 'My dearest Fred,' and then looked at the address: it was not directed to me.

"When Mr. Fitzgerald and I stood opposite each other, he fired, and the ball seemed to go near me. I fired in the air. I thought he would then be satisfied; but no, I knew little of an Irish duel. Our seconds decided that under the circumstances, there must be blood, or at any rate three shots. Mr. Fitzgerald fired again; the ball went through my hat. I then, regardless of ceremony, walked up to him, and gave him the note. 'Read that,' I whispered; 'act on it at once, if you like, or else I will return to my place, and fire with sure aim.' He read the note, turned pale, said out loud that he was quite satisfied, and rode off at full speed.

"The note was from his daughter Fanny, my affianced bride, was dated prior to my first interview with her father, and was addressed to some Irish pauper, who, pretending to be rich, had won her so-called affections. It was, moreover, to the effect that she agreed to her darling Fred's proposal, and would meet him and his post-chaise at 5.30 A. M. at a certain place. It was about 5.15 when her father fired his second shot through my hat. I left Ireland as soon as I could.

"The respective ends of the two girls I afterwards heard were these—Fanny got safe off with her lover Fred. More than that I know not, I cannot even remember Fred's surname. Margaret in six months' time married the Rev. George Smith. I think I told you that I found out it was only my money that she and her father were after. All parties, for their own sakes, kept matters quiet; and the first they will again hear of the subject, as far as I am concerned, will be through the pages of the periodical that Charles writes in. I have been shot at by Maoris, stuck in a drunken row by settlers, have a mark where I was knocked over by a furious bull, but never was in a greater fix than with those two girls. Do you wonder, good people, that I am a bachelor? You little thought, any of you, when I said good-bye some fourteen years ago, after our poor mother's funeral, that I had, but a very short time before, been in such a fix."

Proverbs of Josh Billings.

It straine a man's philosophy the worst kind to laugh when he gits beat.

All of us complain of the shortness of life, yet we awl waste more time than we use.

Don't mistake arrogance for wisdom; many people have thought they were wise when they were only windy.

The man who kant git ahead without pulling others back is a very limited cuss.

The principal difference between a luxury and necessary is the price.

Whenever the soul is in grief it is taking root.

"Give the devil his due," but be careful that there ain't much due him.

After a man has ridden fast onst he never wants to go slow again.

Those familys who are really fust-class never are afraid that they shall git cheated out of their respectability, while the cod-fish families are always nervous lest they mite.

It won't do to stir up a man when he is thinking, any more than it will a pan of milk when the cream is rising.

It is easy enuff to raise the devil, but he's a hard crop to reap.

☞ The approach of storms is to be announced by the Western Union Telegraph Company to all those towns that will communicate the intelligence to the neighboring farmers by means of signal guns fired according to a preconcerted system. The plan will thus be thoroughly tested during the ensuing season.

☞ The Right Hon. Henry Brougham, Lord Brougham and Vaux, the eminent lawyer, reformer, legislator, and ex-Chancellor of England, died in his rural retreat at Cannes, France, to-day, in the 90th year of his age. Lord Brougham died easily. He fell into a pleasant slumber, from which he never awoke.

☞ Among the *jeux d'esprit* of the day, is a story that Judge Nelson and General Butler recently fought a duel at the Congressional grave-yard; that Butler was shot through the heart, that Nelson was shot through the brains, and that both of them walked back to the Capital uninjured.

☞ The Secret of being able to sleep at will, is the power to fix the attention upon the breathing. The person must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart; imagination slumbers; fancy becomes dormant, thought subdued; the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility; the vital or ganglionic system assumes the sovreignty, and he no longer wakes, but sleeps. Perhaps.

☞ Mrs. Lois Goss, of Levant, Me., 90 years of age, has cut three teeth of her third set during the past winter.

☞ A young lady, in Hartford, recently poisoned her face badly by the use of some red paint, to color her cheeks "just for fun."

☞ Noboby can deny that the late Lord Cardigan, the leader of the charge at Balaklava, was a man of nerve. It is related of him that he once squeezed the hand of Queen Victoria for the purpose of making Prince Albert jealous.

☞ A London linen-draper, who has lately taken a business in a leading thoroughfare, has issued a circular to the customers of his late employer, in which, after stating the principles on which he means to conduct his business, he directs their attention to a copy of his *carte de visite*, which is affixed to the manifesto, so that there may be no question as to his identity with the humble individual who gave them so much satisfaction at Blank & Co.'s.

☞ In the year 1724, a woman was burned at the stake in Palermo, Sicily, for heresy, in expressing her belief in certain astronomical scientific truths, now universally admitted, but which the church had decided to be contrary to the Bible. In addition an annual fine has been levied on her family, which they have paid for one hundred and forty-four years, or five generations. They now ask the Italian Parliament to remit it.

THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE.

Oh, come where the Cyanides silently flow,
And the Carburets droop o'er the Oxides below;
Where the rays of Potassium lie white on the hill,
And the song of the Silicate never is still.

Come, oh, Come!
Tumti, tum, tum!
Peroxide of soda, and urani-um!

While alcohol's liquid at thirty degrees,
And no chemical change can affect manganese;
While alkalies flourish; and acids are free,
My heart shall be constant, sweet Polly, to thee!

Yes, to thee!
Fiddledum dee!
Zinc, borax, and bismuth; and HO + C.

☞ A woman in Galena, Ill., left her baby for a short time in charge of a young girl, but the youngster got fretful, and to please it, the girl tied it to a sheet, let it out of a window, three stories from the ground, and when discovered was amusing it by raising it up and down in the sheet, which she held with her hands inside.

☞ An Irishman being asked at a dinner table whether he would take some apple pie? "Is it houlsome?" he asked, looking at it. "To be sure it is; why do you ask?" "Because I once had an uncle that was killed with apple plexy; and sure I thought it something of the same sort of dish."

☞ A San Francisco Chinaman blew out the gaslight in his bedchamber, and was rescued nearly suffocated. His first words on recovering wore, "Me no stealee gas!"

☞ To-morrow is the day on which idle men work, and fools reform.

A TRAVELLING COMPANION.

If the lady reader is about travelling, or wishes to make a most acceptable gift to a friend about doing so—if she proposes visiting a watering place, or would like "something nice to have in the country," let her try one of Burnett's Toilet Companions, containing a bottle of his COCOAINE, which dresses the hair perfectly, without greasing, drying or stiffening it—a flacon of FLORIMEL, one drop of which perfumes the handkerchief deliciously—one of KALLISTON, the best cosmetic in the world, and one of the ORIENTAL TOOTH WASH. These preparations are of approved usefulness, and all that they profess to be.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-cow-tf

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those BROWN DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.

☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT is working wonderful cures in rheumatism. Where every other remedy fails, this inestimable salve takes hold, penetrates to the very core, removes every particle of inflammation and effects a complete cure.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.—The world's great remedy for Colds, Coughs, Consumption, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat. my16-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. WILLIAM B. FRACKER to Miss LAURA V. HOUGHTON, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. A. B. REYNOLDS to Miss ANNA M. MANKLEY, both of Delaware county, Pa.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, Mr. GEORGE H. WILENT to Miss WILHELMINA WILKINS, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, ROBERT W. BALDWIN to ANNIE GILPERY, both of this city.

On the 22d of March, by the Rev. Saml. Darborow, Mr. ALBERT W. LUCIA to THERESA E. STOKES, of this city.

On the 5th of March, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. A. C. WILCOX to Miss LAURA H. ELMORE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name

On the 12th instant, ABRAHAM L. PENNOCK, in his 82d year.

On the 12th instant, MARY M., wife of John J. Baker, aged 54 years.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. EDITH, relict of the late David Sapplee, in her 76th year.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Wm. Carr, in her 50th year.

On the 10th instant, Mr. GEORGE T. THORN, in his 45th year.

On the 10th instant, Mr. MARTIN F. CONT, aged 56 years.

On the 9th instant, WILLIAM M. FORD, in his 38th year.

On the 9th instant, RICHARD T. STEAD, in his 21st year.

On the 8th instant, GEORGE KERR, Sr., in his 61st year.

A NORTHEASTER.

BY C. L. G.

The sky grows gray—then all the vanes, late greased,
Point east!
The smoke from chimneys tall o'er roofs is blown
Right down
In garret windows, yards and kitchen flats;
While hats
Of hasty gentlemen high up are tossed—
Oft lost.
Then all the muddy sluices ooze with slop,
Drip, drop,
And patter, spatter comes the chilly fluid,
Cloud-brewed;
And with a noise like many drays that crash,
The splash
Descends, and filtrates thro' the slimy street
Not neat.
Like row of organ pipes the spouts of tin
Begin
Allegro movements, tinkling music sweet,
And beat
With rhythm, sputt'ring, splutt'ring music out
Each spout.
A crowd of mortals, umbrella-less,
Now press
'Neath awnings; growl and stare in the sky up—
"Dry up!"
The pavement bricks trod by the passers-by
Let fly
A muddy missile. Then the victims growl
Or howl
Or groan while looking at their spattered clothes,
"Oh, Jose!"
Or, "I'll be dog-consarned and goshed!" or curse
Much worse.
While slinking thro' the mist the people say,
"Wet day!"
And stamp their sodden boots, and cough and wheeze
And sneeze
And sniffle, burnishing their noses dry,
And try
To look like happy men, despite their trim,
And swim
Through puddles, little lakes and ponds, and wade
Dismayed
Through roaring rivulets of inky flood
And mud!
Then gaslight glimmers, and black night assumes
Damp plumes,
And seats herself upon her sloppy throne
Alone;
While dismal day, in rainy surges bound,
Is drowned!

The Hop-Scotch Club.

BY JOHN QUILL.

"But Mr. Wilkins, just listen—"

"I say that you shan't join any such organization as long as you are a wife of mine. It's perfectly ridiculous for a lot of women like you and old Mrs. Smith to go round and try to get up a Hop-Scotch Club. Who ever heard of a female playing such a game as that? It ain't decent, I tell you. It's a good enough game for a one-legged man, and if you choose to have a leg sawed off you can dance round as much as you've a mind to, but you shan't do it till you are a cripple, if you shall, I'm a Dutchman."

"Wilkins, you know I—"

"A pretty looking spectacle you'll make of yourself standing on one of those fourteen inch feet—"

"Wilkins, I'll break—"

"Standing on one of those, kicking around after a clam-shell, and putting that thing you call your toe on the line and getting out, and having to go back to pitch for your place. Whose going to pay for the odd boots you scuff out, I'd like to know? I want you to understand *I* ain't. I am not going to go round every week buying shoes to cover those feet, and creating a panic in the leather market. Not if I know myself I ain't."

"If you would only let me explain, Mr. Wilkins—"

"You can't hop anyhow. You couldn't stand on one leg to save your life, and even if you could do it, do you suppose I would want my wife to go waltzing round through this hemisphere like a turkey with a sore toe? Hop? Why, you can hop no more than a camelopard can turn a back summersault; no, you can't. You might just as well attempt to split a log of wood with a slice of watermelon, as for you to endeavor to hop. If you're so mighty fond of hopping, I'll get a hopper and have you mashed up to atoms. I wish to gracious it could be done."

"Ain't you ashamed to talk in that—"

"The next thing I expect you will want to be sauntering round in this land of the free and the brave, playing match games, and having your name published in the newspapers as the great Hop-Scotch-woman, and bring disgrace on your family. But it shan't be done with my consent. If you go flipping around at any of these games, hang me if I don't get the first policeman I can find to grab you as a maniac, and put you in a straight-jacket, if I can buy one big enough to fit you."

"Mr. Wilkins, you behave like a perfect—"

"And you are just the very kind of a woman to go to work and try to be at the head of the profession, and lay yourself out to win the champion's belt, and to go around challenging other feeble-minded women, and spreading yourself on matches. Why, it's ridiculous. I'd like to know what you would do with the belt if you got it, anyhow? No belt, you know, is going to reach around that waist."

"Why, Mr. Wilkins, what on earth do you mean? I'll—"

"You might as well try to buckle a skate strap around a church steeple; yes you might. You going to try for the champion's belt! Well, that *is* amusing. And then I suppose, if you win the stakes you'll come home here and spend all the money on spring bonnets, and teach your neglected children vanity and pride. But I—"

"Wilkins, you're silly."

"But I just want you to bear in mind that put up cash for you I won't do. I won't deal out any stamps for stakes. In my opinion you had better be at home cooking steaks for your family. When you die I'll drive a stake into your cold and silent grave to hold you down. That's—"

"You shan't talk in that scandalous way—"

"That's all the stake you will get out of me, unless you carry on your tomfoolery so long that I should be obliged to drive a stake in the back yard, and tie you to it by your hopping leg, like some old hen, to keep you from wandering off. And that is just what it's coming to in my opinion."

"You know very well that I never thought of such a—"

"And I don't want you to go practising out here in the street with the boys in the afternoons, either—just recollect that, will you? If you must Hop-Scotch, go down in the cellar, out of decent society, and you can Hop-Scotch, or Irish, or High Dutch, or any other way you want to, but keep out of the street; I don't want this community to see an old pullet like you—"

"Wilkins, I'll scratch—"

"Like you bouncing over the pavement among a parcel of boys, creating a first-class earthquake every time you hop, and very likely getting the city authorities down on me for loosening the bricks and breaking the culverts in; and you'd a good deal better stamp around somewhere where they want the cobble-stones rammed, only you'd very likely drive them half-way through to China every time you came down on those number nines."

"If you'd only give me a chance, Mr. Wilkins, I'd—"

"I don't want to give you a chance, or you would hop off with all the decency in the family—"

"I tell you that I never had any idea of joining a Hop—"

"What?"

"Scotch Club; I never thought of such a thing in all my born days."

"The mischief you didn't? Then what do you mean by having the Constitution and By-Laws for the George Washington Hop-Scotch Club in your bureau drawer, say?"

"Breckinridge Augustus put them there."

"Well, why in the name of common sense did you not say so before, and not give me the trouble and annoyance I've had?"

"Because you would not let me speak."

"My gracious! woman, your tongue has been going like a pendulum; I hain't had a chance to get a word in edgeways, or any other ways, for a week."

"What an awful story! I haven't uttered a sentence."

"W-h-e-w! There, woman, after telling that you had better get out and say your prayers over again. That's the toughest one you've told within the last hour. And now stop your clatter, I'm tired of hearing you."

And Wilkins closed up. But when I gazed upon the ponderous form of Mrs. Wilkins the next morning, I thought she would not have been an ornamental object if she engaged in the game of Hop-Scotch.

German Ladies.

I have noticed that in German families, family government is very strict; compared with the theory and practice in America on this subject, I may say extremely rigid. The rules and regulations are few, but they are enforced on all occasions, and under all circumstances. Unquestioning submission to paternal authority lies at the foundation of this government. Children are taught to entertain the highest respect for superiors and for age. It is beautiful to see the respectful manner with which they deport themselves in the presence of their superiors and older persons. They are also invariably polite to strangers.

A few weeks ago a friend and myself made an excursion on foot into the country, and were surprised at the genuine politeness of the poor peasants and their children; every peasant and child we met saluted us in the kindest manner possible, and readily and pleasantly answered all our questions. Children are early taught to be industrious and self-reliant. They are not allowed to call servants to do for them things which they can easily do for themselves. Every boy is trained for some business or profession, and the girls are trained to make good housekeepers and good wives. In the best families, servants very seldom wait on the table—not even when guests are invited.

I took tea, not long since, at the house of a baroness, with a large party, and not a servant was to be seen. The baroness made tea after we were seated at the table with a convenient and elegant apparatus prepared for the purpose, and two beautiful young ladies, a niece of the baroness and a friend, passed around the table and served the guests.

On a certain occasion, I called on a wealthy family, and was received by the lady of the house, who told me that her two daughters were in the kitchen cooking. They were to be married soon, and a professional cook had been employed to come three times a week, and give them lessons in the art of cooking, and to initiate them fully into all its mysteries. In five minutes one of these young ladies came into the parlor to see me, neatly dressed, and conversed with me in beautiful English.

A thorough acquaintance with domestic economy is considered an indispensable qualification in a young lady for the married life. In addition to all this, mothers teach their daughters that one of the chief duties after marriage, is to strive to keep their husbands comfortable and happy. When a German husband comes to his house, at the close of the day of toil and anxiety, his wife receives him with a smile, arranges his chair, brings him his study gown and slippers, places before him refreshments, gives him a cigar, and while he eats and smokes, converses with him in the most entertaining manner about the events of the day. What will your lady friends say about this picture of domestic life in Germany?—*Rev. R. N. Sanders.*

☞ "Does the dentist kiss you when he pulls your teeth, pa?" "No, my son; why?" "Oh, nothing; only he kissed ma, and she said it took the ache all away; and I guess it did, for she laughed all the way home."

Romance of Heraldry.

BY THE EDITOR OF "DEBRETT'S HOUSE OF COMMONS," ETC.

Scottish Heraldry is particularly rich in historic interest. From the numerous anecdotes extant, concerning the origin of the grants of arms and armorial insignia, we select the following for the romantic incidents:

Early in the fifteenth century, as a husbandman, named Howison, and his son were returning from work with their flails, in the neighborhood of Cramond Bridge, they observed some robbers attack a gentleman who was riding upon horseback, and whose social position was evidently one of high rank. The yeomen, seeing that the cavalier was being mercilessly treated, bravely tried to rescue him, and, although the assailants were numerically stronger, they succumbed to the vigorous blows they received from the Howisons' flails. The victim was much injured, and several wounds bled profusely. These the elder rescuer endeavored to staunch, while the younger one ran home to procure a basin of water and a towel. On his return he bathed the injured parts, and subsequently held the basin while the stranger washed his hands. These services being rendered, the horseman announced to his astonished friends that he was King James I. (of Scotland,) and had met with his misadventure in consequence of having strayed from his suite while on a hunting excursion. His Majesty expressed his gratitude to the Howisons in no measured terms, and, for the services they had rendered to him, he granted them the estate of Braehead by special charter, conditionally, that it should be held "servitium lavacri," a service that has upon several occasions been rendered to royalty by their descendants. And so recently as 1822, William Howison Craufurd, Esq., the then owner of Braehead, at a banquet given by the magistrates of Edinburgh to King George IV., presented to his Majesty a basin of water and a napkin, to enable the royal guest to wash his hands did he feel so disposed. In 1450 the grandson of the elder Howison, who was a burgess of Edinburgh, received a grant of arms, and, in commemoration of the bravery of his ancestors, supporters were also given, viz.:—two husbandmen clothed in blue, wearing the dress of the time, having bonnets on their heads, and being girt round the waists with belts, the dexter one having over his shoulder a flail proper, and the sinister one holding a basin and a napkin.

The above is not the only instance recorded of grants of arms being given for assistance rendered to Scottish monarchs on the hunting field. Apropos of this, the present Sir David Baird, Bart., bears as a portion of his arms a boar passant, and as one of his crests a boar's head erased, in commemoration of a service rendered by an ancestor, Baird of Auchmeddan, to William the Lion. It is related that this monarch, while hunting in a south-west county, wandered from his attendants, and, being much alarmed at the approach of a wild boar, called loudly for assistance. A gentleman named Baird, who had followed the king, arrived most opportunely, and, after a desperate struggle with the boar, succeeded in killing it. His Majesty showed his gratitude to his brave follower by conferring upon him a large grant of land, and the commemorative arms previously described.

The Cunninghames bear as their arms a shake fork sable, with the motto "Over fork over." The tradition respecting the origin of these is, that one Malcolm, the son of Friskin, assisted Malcolm, Prince of Scotland, afterwards Malcolm Canmore, to escape from Macbeth. Being hotly pursued, the Prince took shelter in a barn where Malcolm was at work. The royal fugitive having explained his danger, the husbandman proffered his aid, and, by forking hay or straw over him, effectually concealed him from the troops of Macbeth. On being subsequently awarded by the Prince the thanedom of Cunninghame, Malcolm took as his name that of the estate, and assumed as his arms a shake fork. The chief line of this ancient family was subsequently represented by the Earls of Glencairn, the fifteenth and last of whom was the friend and patron of Robert Burns, who added increased lustre to the race in his beautiful poem the "Lament."

The Gordon family, represented by the Earl of Aberdeen, bear as a crest two naked arms holding a bow and drawing an arrow, in memory of their supposed ancestor Bertrand de Gourdon, who is said to have shot Richard Cœur de Lion while besieging his castle of Chalons, near Limoges, A. D. 1199.

The crest of the Grants of that ilk and Freuchie, is a burning hill, and their motto "Stand fast." The hill in question is that of Craigelachie, or the mountain of the cry of distress, situated opposite Rothiemurchus, in Scotland, and the fire refers to the fire that was lighted there when the chief wished to call the whole of his clan together in Strathspey, the seat of the Grants in Morayshire. The motto of the laird was "Stand fast," and the inferior chieftains re-echoed it to their troops as "Stand firm," "Stand sure," or in kindred phraseology. While alluding to the Grant family, we may mention the motto of "Jehovah jireh" (the Lord will regard it), borne by the present Sir Archibald Grant, Baronet, as being the only instance of a Hebrew motto existing in Scottish heraldry. The recipient of it was Sir Francis Grant, an eminent lawyer, better known as Lord Cullen, a senator of the College of Justice, and a hearty advocate of the Scottish Union.

Sir Andrew Snape Hammond, Baronet, bears as one of his crests two arms erect, issuing from clouds, in the act of removing a human skull from a spike, while above the skull is a marquess's coronet between two laurel branches. This peculiar onsign represents the removal of the head of James Graham, the gallant Marquess of Montrose, from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, where it had been placed after his execution, on May 21st, 1650, an act that was performed by a maternal ancestor of the present baronet.

The motto "Grip fast," of the Leslies, the head of whom is the Countess of Rothes, is generally said to have had its origin in an incident that occurred to the founder of the family, who saved Queen Margarite of Scotland from drowning, by seizing hold of her girdle when she was thrown from her horse while crossing a swollen river. She cried out, "Grip fast!" and afterwards desired that her words might be retained as her preserver's motto. A somewhat different interpretation is, however, preserved in the Leslie family, in a book printed "for private use" by Colonel Charles Leslie, K. H., who styled himself "twenty-sixth baron of Balquhain." In this volume it is stated that the founder of the family was Bartholomew, a noble Hungarian, who came to Scotland with Queen Margarite, A. D., 1067. He was much esteemed by King Malcolm Caenmore, whose sister he married. In his capacity of chamberlain to Queen Margarite it was his duty to accompany her Majesty in her journeys, and, as there were no carriages in those days, she rode behind him, upon horseback, upon a pillion. On one occasion, while fording a stream, the Queen slipped and nearly fell off, whereon Bartholomew cried out, "Grip fast," and to which her Majesty replied, "Gin the buckle bide," there being only one buckle to the belt by which she held on. After this his exclamation was given as the family motto, and two more buckles were added to the belt of the pillion, and also to the charge upon Bartholomew's arms, which had heretofore consisted only of one buckle on a band.

After the death of King Robert the Bruce, in 1329, a distinguished member of the Locard family, Sir Simon Locard, of Lee, accompanied Sir James de Douglas to the Holy Land on a special mission to inter there the heart of the deceased monarch. After their return, Sir James de Douglas assumed as his arms a human heart, ensigned with an imperial crown—a charge that is still borne by the families of the Dukes of Hamilton and Buccleuch, etc. Sir Simon Locard also assumed as his arms a human heart within a fetter-lock, and changed his name to Lockheart, in which manner his descendants spelled it until within a comparatively few years ago, when the orthography was changed to Lockhart.

THE HIDDEN ROSES.

E'en now, within the frozen stems,
Juno's roses lie concealed,
Till throstles sing, and larks soar up,
And summer be revealed.
E'en now, in their enchanted sleep
Beneath the frozen clod,
The little baby-blossoms wait
The summons of their God.

The snow-time and the winter-storm
Will vanish like a cloud;
Soon Spring will cast her swallows forth,
And May-trees blossom proud.
Rainbows will arch the sunny air,
Lambs leap in every fold,
And through the dark warm earth pierce through
The crocus flushed with gold.

Winter, the discrowned king, will cast
The white mask from his face;
And Spring, his rosy child, with smiles
Will see the swallows chase.
From Night's black grave, like Lazarus,
The striving day comes forth,
The winter-storm sows seeds of joy,
East, west, and south and north.

Spring comes with sound of whispering leaves,
And songs of waking birds:
The joy of May-time is too great
To shape itself in words.
Soon buds will widen into flowers,
And Summer be revealed;
E'en now, within the frozen stems,
June's roses lie concealed.

The Variety of Life.

It is really worth a little trouble, before we enfranchise woman, to try to imagine the results of her enfranchisement, the Future of Woman. In the first place, it would amazingly reduce the variety of the world. As it is, we live in a double world, and enjoy the advantages of a couple of hemispheres. It is an immense luxury for men, when they are tired out with the worry and seriousness of life, to be able to walk into a totally different atmosphere, where nothing is looked at, or thought about, or spoken of in exactly the same way as in their own. When Mr. Gladstone, for instance, unbends (if he ever does unbend,) and, weary of the Irish question, asks his pretty neighbor what she thinks of it, he gets into a new world at once. Her vague idea of the Irish question, founded on a passing acquaintance with "Moore's Melodies" and a wild regret after Donnybrook fair, may not be exactly adequate to the magnitude of the interests involved, but it is at any rate novel and amusing. It is not a House of Commons view of the subject; but then the great statesman is only too glad to be rid of the House of Commons. Thoughtful politicians may deplore that the sentimental beauty of Charles I. and the pencil of Vandyke have made every English girl a Malignant; but after one has got bored with Rushworth and Clarendon, there is a certain pleasure at finding a great constitutional question summarily settled by the height of a sovereign's brow. It is a relief, too, now and then, to get out of the world of morals into the world of women; out of the hard sphere of right and wrong into a world like Mr. Swinburne's, where judgment goes by the beautiful, and where red hair makes all the difference between Elizabeth and Mary of Scotland. Above all, there is the delightful consciousness of superiority. The happiness of the blessed in the next world consists, according to Sir John Mandeville, in their being able to behold the agonies of the lost; and half the satisfaction men have in their own sense and vigor and success would be lost, if they could not enjoy the delicious views of a world where sense and energy go for nothing. Whether all this would be worth sacrificing simply to acquire a woman who could sympathize with, and support a man, in the stress and battle of life, is a question we do not pretend to decide; but it is certain that the enfranchisement of women would be the passing of a social act of uniformity, and the loss of half the grace and variety of life. Here, as elsewhere, "the low sun makes the color," and the very excellence of Miss Hominy, the illustrious reformer, carry her aloft into regions of white light, where our eyes, even if dazzled, get a little tired of the monotony of the intellectual blaze.

☞ The seeds of the gigantic trees of California hardly exceed in size those of the mustard.

The Need of More Sleep.

We heard a speaker ayer lately, that if all the people of this country were to sleep two hours more than they do out of every twenty-four hours, the gain in health and morals would be immense. He was not far out of the way, in our judgment, as respects thousands upon thousands. Doubtless there are hosts of sluggards who slumber away what little wit they have. Doubtless there are multitudes who visit the "Isle of Nod" much oftener and stay much longer than is good for them, because they go at the wrong time and overdo the thing. There may be a gluttony of somnolence as well as gluttony of edibles; too excessive a love of soporiferousness, as well as too great an appetite for strong drink. With these exceptional classes of the lazy and self-indulgent, who have neither method nor principle in their living, we have no concern here. We address the active, the industrious, those who on the whole desire to do about right. These, generally speaking, want more hours of rest than they are accustomed to take. We boast that we are a wide-awake people. So far as that relates to the quantity of our wide-awakefulness, it is a serious question whether we do not pride ourselves upon a serious blunder.

Our late hours and our early hours; our night work and our night pleasures; our travelling or revelling when we had far better be on "downy couch" or hair mattresses, recumbent, are far from salutary to bodies, or brains, or character. We do not require the physiologists or the doctors to point out to us the large provision made for sleep and the laws that impose and govern sleep on all animated nature, and to tell us we cannot refuse to accept this provision or neglect these laws with impunity. The prevalence of certain diseases, the excitableness, nervousness, the early break-downs, the feverishness, the irritability, in a word, hundreds of signs and symptoms indicate the fact to the most superficial observer that we are living too fast; putting our system too constantly on the stretch, failing to recuperate and renovate them as they by their very nature require.

This is especially to be seen in cities and in the conduct of business and its multiform enterprises. Everything must be done on the high pressure principle, otherwise, the prevalent notion seems to be, nothing will ever be accomplished. There are crowds of folks who, to get gain, indulge their ruling passion, carry out their projects, are incessantly "on the go," with all their faculties at the top of their speed, toiling, thinking, planning, scheming all day and far into night, and shunning repose as if it were the unpardonable sin.

They pride themselves, too, on this ceaseless and wonderful activity, this practical contempt for rest or relaxation, as something very virtuous and commendable. We hear men talking of staying in their counting rooms until midnight; of doing nothing but stick day in and day out to their business; of reading nothing but newspapers, and only the commercial of those; of rushing from Dan to Beersheba without stopping, as fast as steam cars can carry them; of doing any amount of work and doing it on the jump, as though they were eternally running against time. When we hear men talk thus, implying that all this haste and restlessness is a matter of their own will, and not a stern, inexorable and inevitable necessity—but a necessity which their own eagerness for accumulation or their own ambition has made, we fail to see what there is so very commendable in their conduct, or why they should speak of such indefatigable wearing and tearing smartness, as something praiseworthy. Our belief is that it is evidence rather, in any of us who are addicted to it, of want of good sense and self-control, or of neglect or ignorance of the plainest conditions that must be observed to secure health and anything approaching to length of days.

It is in sleep, in regular rest, in quiet and composure of body and mind, that compensation for the exhaustion of toil, the renewals of the mental and physical forces are to be found. For this reason, as we have before intimated, provision is made for needful repose—profound, dreamless repose—to repair the waste of the waking and active hours; and for this reason human beings should be careful to allow themselves the full maximum of slumber, leisure, stillness and invigorating recreation they require. What are the consequences of their failure to do this? Alas! they are visible all around us, even if we are fortunate enough not to know of them by bitter experience. They are seen in the increase of insanity, in the commonness of softenings of the brain, in the prevalence of dyspepsia, in shattered nerves, in broken frames, premature old age and untimely graves; they are evident in the demand for stimulants and narcotics, and in the various devices resorted to to patch up and keep running the physical system; nay, they are only too marked in still worse forms; in morbid feelings, in vitiated appetites, in fiery passions, in uncontrolled tempers, in all those mental and moral aberrations, so haggard and unnatural, telling of rash violence done to the human constitution; a violence that is suicidal almost as would be the deliberate drinking of prussic acid. We speak strongly—possibly a little too strongly—but we speak from the conviction that the tendency of the evil we are discoursing of, if not checked, is towards disaster or loss to individuals and society generally. If we could have more of repose, both for the flesh and the spirit, by parting with fifty per cent. of our prosperity, or diminishing by fifty per cent. the rate of our speed in conquering and subduing this continent and developing its resources, that repose would be cheaply purchased.

LAZINESS.—A new definition of constitutional laziness comes from Ohio. Standing on the steps of one of the "single-team" taverns of that state was an unwashed Buckeye, whose shabby exterior did not indicate an industrious man. A gentleman on the opposite side of the street remarked to his companion, "There is old Tim, again; wonder how he got out this cold day! He is the laziest man in town by all odds." "Lazy!" replied his friend, "he isn't lazy; what's the matter with him is he was *born tired!*"

☞ Little Daisy's mother was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh, yes, I know," said the child, "it is the whisper of a laugh."

A LIFE'S LOSS.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Do you remember the summer day
You found me down by the ruined mill?
The skies were blue, and the waters bright,
And shadows glanced on the windy hill,
And the stream moaned on.

You sat by my side on the moss-grown log,
Where one whom I loved last night had stood—
I heard his voice, like an undertone,
While you talked to me in that solitude,
And the stream moaned on.

You did not tell me your heart was mine—
You only said that my face was fair,
That silks and satins should robe my form,
And jewels should flash among my hair,
And the stream moaned on.

You did not ask me to give you love—
You did not touch my lips or my brow—
Contented you were with my plighted troth
And never a kiss to seal the vow,
And the stream moaned on.

You went away with your lofty port,
And smiled as you uttered your light good-by,
But the wind stole down from the frowning hill,
And stood at my side with a gasping sigh,
And the stream moaned on.

You remember the pomp of our bridal morn—
The jewels that mocked the bright sunshine—
The rustling silks—the ringing mirth—
The flush of roses—the flow of wine—
While the crowd looked on.

I saw a sight that they did not see—
A guest they knew not of was there—
Heart of my heart, he came to mock
My bridal vows with his pale despair,
And my soul moaned on.

You got that day what you bargained for—
My hair to braid your jewels in,
My form to deck with your silken robes,
My face to show to your haughty kin,
But my soul moaned on.

Talk not of love—you come too late—
You cannot dispel my heart's eclipse—
Where your image should be a corpse lies shrined,
And no voice comes from the death-cold lips,
Though my soul moans on.

Some summer day I shall wander down
Where the waters flow by the ruined mill—
Where the shadows come, and the shadows go,
There at the foot of the windy hill,
And the stream moans on.

You will find me there, 'neath the whispering wave,
Colder and stiller than ever before—
The dreams I dreamed and the hopes I hoped
Will be hushed to silence forevermore—
Though the stream moan on.

AUNT FELICITE.

A NORMAN STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLOTTE BURNEY," &c.

Market was nearly over in the Place St. Blaize. A few hardy old veterans still kept their position, but by far the greater number of sellers had stowed away their unsold merchandise, shut up their camp-stools, and furled their gay-colored umbrellas. Many had already seated themselves in the lumbering, picturesque carts which had brought them in from some neighboring village—the place their stalls had occupied to be known by a heap of pea-shucks and bean-shreddings, and other vegetable refuse blistering under the intense August sunshine.

The scene round the beautiful old church of St. Blaize was as great a contrast to that which had presented itself earlier in the morning as that which the dressing-room of a beauty after a ball, strewn with discarded finery, offers to the perfection of grace and beauty the very same adornments realized on her person. So thought a fair, handsome Englishman who had been turning the heads of all the pretty market-girls by sketching them, driving the ugly ones half mad with envy.

If any fellow-artist had looked over Arthur Seton's shoulder, he must have wondered why he had spent all the morning in and about the old market-place. He could not be studying effect: everything was in too broad a glare of sunshine. There were the quaint sculptured dormers of the Bourse, and the projecting high-peaked gables of the many-storied houses which faced him as he leaned against the crumbling wall of the gray church; but had the said fellow-artist turned a few pages back, he would have found rough notes in plenty.

He might have been studying color from the picturesque skirts and jackets and bright-colored head and neckerchiefs of the women, or from their umbrellas, ranging from rosy scarlet to brilliant green, or, more likely still, from the slanting masses of golden apricots, blushing peaches, plums, and many-hued pears—the melon, sold for "vingt centimes la piece," tempting alike scent, taste, and sight by the rich color the gash in its side revealed.

But it was not for this, or he would not have lingered now that all the fruit had disappeared; leaving behind it a faint odor which, mingling with the decaying refuse, made the market-place unsavory.

After a while, Mr. Seton seemed to find this out, for he left the position he had kept so long near the fruit-stalls, and crossing to the Bourse side of the Place, leant down over the flowers, drawn up in serried rows on the pavement.

"Will monsieur buy a bouquet pour sa dame?"

An old woman with a brown wrinkled face, which looked as if some one had given it a screw in the middle, held him out a nosegay of cloves, jasmines, and mignonette. He could not help buying it.

"But it is for me," he said, laughing. "I have no belle dame to buy bouquets for."

"Ah ça," she shrugged her shoulders—"un beau monsieur like you can never be in want of some one to give flowers to." She stopped, and crossed herself devoutly: then, with a half-doubting look, "There is always the Holy Virgin. Are you a heretic, eh?" she said, sharply. "It is a pity: you are too well-made to be prey for the devil."

Seton pulled out his whiskers, and laughed. He was very handsome, and possessed an air of quiet distinction. His very indolence of manner gave a repose to his movements. He never did anything hurried or awkward, but he gave a slight start now as a young girl came up to the flower-stalls. She started also; a file of women passing to their carts with baskets on their heads had kept these two from the sight of each other.

Seton raised his hat, and then the girl bowed timidly. She was interesting-looking: a pale, transparent skin, with great dark eyes, full of expression; the blush that came as she recognized Arthur made her lovely. Her long dark lashes almost touched her glowing cheeks at the flower-woman's next words, "Ah ça, mon beau monsieur do you know Mademoiselle Genevieve! Ah ciel! how men tell stories! you said a minute ago that you knew no belle dame to offer flowers to. Ma cherie, I began to think thou wert not coming to see the old bonne. Thou wouldst have come, my child; but how could I know that the aunt would allow it, as I had seen thee at home this morning?"

Seton had drawn a little back as the old woman put her brown hands on the girl's shoulders, and kissed her forehead. Genevieve seemed to recover when she found herself talking to her old servant.

"Bah!—and suppose I did not ask the aunt? It is only when she is away from home that I may not go out and market for her. I go on other days, and why not on this? Elodie, you grow silly."

"C'est bien, mon enfant." Elodie gave her a look of intense admiration, and then she turned again to Seton. "How long have you known Mademoiselle, mon beau monsieur? She belongs to me, you know. She is mon enfant de lait. Is she not a child to be proud of?"

Genevieve blushed, but she looked angry. Seton thought she was turning away, and he spoke, raising his hat, almost with reverence:

"I have not the honor of knowing your mistress," he said to Elodie. "Mademoiselle and I are neighbors, and have only seen each other by chance." He paused; Genevieve had raised her eyes; she looked timid again, but no longer angry. He went on, "If she will permit me, I shall be proud to offer her your sweet flowers."

She took the nosegay very unwillingly, he thought, and she looked inclined to give it back, when the old woman said:

"Don't tell the aunt anybody gave them to thee; they grew in Elodie's garden, that is all. Mon beau, monsieur," she went on, warned by a frown on Genevieve's gentle face, "you must take yourself off: my child and I have words to speak which are not for you."

Seton looked at Genevieve, but she gave him no encouragement to remain. He pocketed his sketch-book as leisurely as possible, and with a bow, first to the mistress and then to the old servant, he lounged up the hilly street that leads to the ruined Norman bastions of what was once the castle of St. Roque.

It was very hot, and he was tired, but he did not stop till he reached the closely cropped grass on the ramparts. Then he flung himself down, startling a flock of tortoise-shell butterflies only just hatched, who had been settling on the clover-blossoms on which he now rested.

Seton looked lazily after the insects, as they flew here and there, attracted first by one blossom, then by another; an incessant flutter of brown, and blue, and gold.

"Upon my soul, I am not much better than a butterfly. I came to this place for two days at the outside, and I've been here ten. Why don't I go? Ah! there it is. If I go now, I'm afraid I shall leave something belonging to me which I can't very well spare. Confound it! why am I such a soft-hearted fool? Can't I listen to a sweet voice and look at a sweet face, but I must straightway want it for my own? Yes, that is what I do want. Genevieve—I never knew her name before—it suits her exactly. I want to have those eyes of hers looking into mine, and to hear that voice of hers telling me she loves me, and that she never could love anybody else. What a voice it is!"

In England, Mr. Seton was a welcome guest in what is called "society;" he had kept heart-whole there; but now he had fallen a victim to this disease of love, because his ears had listened to the singing of the loveliest voice he had ever heard, and twice each day he had seen the singer's charming face for a few minutes at the window opposite his room at the Hotel de Paris. He knew nothing else about her. He had found out the house at the back window of which he had seen her, but there was nothing to be learnt there. He had knocked, and asked who lived in the particular house that interested him, but the door was opened by a child, who seemed unable to understand his rather British French. "Maman est sortie," was all the answer he could extract; and at the shops, they shrugged their shoulders, and knew nothing about people who lived in the Rue Puits d'Amour.

It was a terrible fact—and Seton knew it; he had fallen headlong into a passion for a girl of whom he knew nothing. Her face, her whole conduct, vouched for her purity; until to-day he had not even spoken to her, for she left her window almost as soon as he appeared at his; and he had not succeeded till this morning in meeting her in the street, spite of the incessant watch he kept on her movements.

Suddenly a new idea quickened within him—he would go back to the market-place and find old Elodie; he should learn from her all he wanted to know. He sprang up, and hastened down the slippery grass-slope with a speed that made him inclined to smile at himself.

The market-place was empty; a few ragged children were prowling among the refuse; a few dropped flowers marked where Elodie's flower-pots had stood, but she and her donkey-cart had departed.

Mademoiselle Felicite Trudin was still a very handsome woman—though at thirty-five a Frenchwoman is older than is an Englishwoman at the same epoch, especially when she is of Felicite's type. Large, deep brown eyes, regular features, a clear olive skin, and abundant braids of glossy hair, made a picture-face, to which the depth of passionate expression gave brilliant effects of light and shade.

The shade predominated as she sat by her bedroom window, resting her cheek on the slender fingers of one hand, while the other played with the braid chain suspended from her neck.

The annoyance that shadowed her came from within; outwardly there was only what she looked on every day—a bricked court-yard below, half built over by the one-storied rooms of her lodgers, a tailor and his family. The leaded roof of their apartment Mademoiselle used as a flower-garden; and across it she could have walked, had she chosen, into the first-floor back windows of the Hotel de Paris.

Her look-out was not half so picturesque and varied as that of the English tourist and French families bound for "les eaux," who chanced to sojourn in this pleasant little hotel, in one of the most charming and cleanest of Norman towns.

She saw nothing but tiers of windows opening one above another, with their muslin draperies and clumsy fastenings—monotonous compared with the variety opposite. To begin with the court-yard. Monsieur and Madame Leroux might be seen in early morning in various stages of their toilette, and on two days of the week stockings and garments, many-colored and multiform, hung from strings stretched, zig-zag fashion, from the sides of the leads to the wall opposite. The leads themselves were rich in color. Mademoiselle Felicite loved flowers, and knew how to grow them, too. Her oleanders and scarlet geraniums did her credit, and her myrtles and fuschsias, those strange contrasts of blossoms, would have raised the envy of an English gardener.

The interior of her chamber was dingy-looking enough from the hotel (for Mademoiselle Felicite was fond of air, and kept her windows open till she went to bed.) A white crucifix showed in one corner, and over that, on a bracket, a gorgeously-clad, crowned Madonna; but all else was too sombre in tint to be easily made out. The upper story must have been rented by a laundress; long poles projected from the windows with blouses and scarlet jerseys, and striped stockings, and other gay garments—set off to advantage by the dark-green jasmine against the house—its starry blossoms almost over, but enough left to scent the evening air, as Mademoiselle Felicite sat thinking below.

She was thinking of Genevieve, her orphan niece—"I suppose all I shall ever have to care for when my mother is taken from me."

A very bitter, almost resentful look came into Felicite's face.

"If she were taller—if she had more pose in her figure, and more expression in her eyes, she would be, I fancy, very—nice-looking;" it seemed as if another word had been on Felicite's lips, and that she suppressed it. "Yes, nice-looking is what she is—she *is* too simple-looking for beauty; her eyes could never reveal passion or pathos; they are so contented. My mother says I do not make a companion of the child. Bah!"—she got up from her chair, and began to pace up and down the room. "What sympathies can we have?—her life-pictures are all of the future, and mine are of the past. And is there no future for me? Am I to see this child blooming daily into greater loveliness, exactly as I fade, attracting where I have lost all power to charm; gaining love—a husband, perhaps a good position—by the very means and advantages I have earned for her by my incessant labors? It is unjust—Ciel! it is too unjust to bear!"

It seemed unjust and bitter that, for no other reason than because, at thirty-five, she was still Mademoiselle Trudin, Felicite should have to work at teaching singing and music to pupils incapable of appreciating her rare gifts, for the sake of her dead brother's child. If she had had more of the genre artiste in her, that indescribable unconventional nature which will struggle through all barriers to the good it aims at, regardless of tumbles by the way, Felicite would have gone to Paris, and would have been some one in the musical world there; but she was well-born, spite of her poverty, and the idea of singing in public was not to be entertained. So she vegetated on at St. Roque; not so lonely since Genevieve had been given up to her to train for her own profession, but almost as silent as when she had no companion.

She knew this, and knew, too—for she was not unfeeling—how monotonous the young girl's life must be; left shut up in those dingy rooms to practise and study the theory of music, while her aunt trudged from one convent to another in the vain effort of transmuting the wood she had to work on into responsive bell-metal.

"But what then?" she said to herself. "My life was a sadder one. She has no sick father to wait on, in addition to her studies; she grows quieter; but it cannot be expected that after teaching all day I can be full of entertaining conversation when at length I come in to dinner. She is well, for she is neither pale nor thin—on the contrary, although she tells me she has not left the house while I have been out, there is a glow on her cheek and a light in her eyes that puzzles me. She cannot be reading a romance; she is too sincere to deceive me."

The chimes of the old cathedral at the other end of the town went eight, and then all the little clocks took up the chorus, one after another, like a tribe of charity children singing a hymn.

Felicite rose with a brighter look on her face; she drew on a pair of old gloves, and then from the recess of a dark cupboard just outside her room door, she produced a battered green watering-pot.

Her tall slender figure looked graceful, bending over the flowers on the leads outside, as she nipped off the spent blossoms and removed the faded leaves, with a care that was almost tender in its minuteness, before she began watering. The day had been intensely hot, and the thirsty earth in the flower-pots had sucked up all the water before she had half finished; she looked down into the yard below and shouted, "Madame Leroux!" but no answer came. Madame Leroux was promenading up and down in front of the hotel, talking to the chef and the garcon de salle, who were smoking their cigarettes with her husband on the bench beside the entrance doorway.

Felicite had no resource but to go round to the fountain in the next street, or to await Madame Leroux's return, and her flowers were drooping and fading. She looked at them, and then at her empty water-can, with a very discontented face, and then she looked across at the hotel windows: the one nearest to her is being thrown open, and a handsome young man, with long fair whiskers, stepped forth on the leads and offered the loan of his pitcher. Mademoiselle bowed and thanked him. Her eyes are so lustrous as she raises them to his, that Seton begins to think she must be Genevieve's sister, instead of the dragon-like aunt he had prepared himself to conciliate.

They talked and grew more and more pleased with each other; several times Seton was on the point of mentioning Genevieve; but something—he could not have told what—checked the words as they came.

Mademoiselle said she had only just returned from Dives.

"Does Monsieur not know Dives? It is all that is most charming for the health—sea-bathing, everything. My mother inhabits Dives. I shall return to her in a day or two." And then, after a little more talk, Mademoiselle wished him "bon soir," and retreated.

Seton went back, too, into his room, and sat on the window-sill, smoking and wondering what had become of Genevieve. Suddenly from the inner room swelled the tones of a rich full voice in Beethoven's "Adelaide." Surely it was as beautiful as Genevieve's!—it was plain she had been her aunt's pupil; he recognized the same pure style, free from all meretricious effect or ornament. There was a slight pause, and then he heard the first notes of the "Norma" duet. No, when he heard them together, there could be no mistake as to which voice he preferred; there was an angelic sweetness in the tones of his Genevieve, as he had begun to call her, that could not easily be matched. She did not sing again that evening. Mademoiselle Felicite kept possession of the piano and poured forth song after song, fairly chaining Seton to his post at the window.

He hoped that, now her aunt had returned, Genevieve would be more visible, but she never came even to the window during the next two days. Every evening he renewed his conversation with Mademoiselle Trudin, when she appeared to water her flowers; he also met her in the street and bowed to her; but still he did not speak of Genevieve. He was longing for next market-day; then he would waylay the young girl on her road to the Place. Perhaps, she, too, might be going to Dives, and he could see her at her grandmother's.

Another day passed, and still no Genevieve's voice at the piano, no face at the window. Then he could restrain himself no longer, and when Felicite appeared in the evening, he asked her abruptly if he had not heard another voice mingling with hers on the first evening of their acquaintance?

He was too full of Genevieve to heed outward signs and tokens, or he might have noticed the dark shadow that fell across Felicite's face, and the sudden glitter in her eyes.

She looked unusually handsome this evening. She had dressed herself with great care; her exquisitely-fitting black silk gown revealed her well-shaped figure, and showed off, too, the delicate lace of her collar and cuffs, the former fastened up with an antique brooch. As yet no silver hairs threaded her magnificent dark braids, as they wound closely round her perfect head, and coiled about the comb that held them.

The shadow on her face deepened.

How strange that he should have noticed Genevieve's voice! She had sent her off early next morning to Dives, so that must have been his only chance—unless—

"It was a young girl who is sometimes here." She spoke very stiffly, and Seton saw at once how unwelcome the subject was. "Had Monsieur been long at St. Roque before I had the pleasure of seeing him?"

"If I tell," thought Seton, "she looks angry enough to spirit Genevieve away. I must play this game discreetly." So he answered, "Oh! no," and went on paying her more devoted court than ever.

Poor Felicite! Men don't often know what they are doing, when they play with that tender, yet many-bladed thing, a woman's heart!

Seton only wished to fascinate Genevieve's aunt, to attach her entirely to his interests, that there might be no obstacles between him and her niece; he quite forgot the expression he had put into his smiles and looks, to a woman whose blood ran like fire through her veins, and with whom love had been a life-long craving.

At twenty, Felicite had loved, and, misled by her own vanity rather than by any intentional deception on his part, had seen the man she almost worshipped marry her intimate friend. Since then she had lived friendless, closing her heart against all confidences; even with her old mother she was the wise counsellor, the watchful nurse, never the open-hearted, dutiful daughter. But for this early blight, she would not have watched so jealously, and with such eager depreciation, the growth of Genevieve's loveliness. I believe in second-sight—in that strange forcshadowing which teaches us whence or from whom, humanly speaking, misfortune is likely to come to us—and from the time that Genevieve, a fair, small, delicate-looking child of six years old, had been transferred from Elodie's care, to live with her grandmother at Dives, Felicite had never been able to love her.

She smiled at her own face, that night, when she had lit the lamp in her room, after parting from Seton. It was no longer the proud, self-contained image she had seen reflected so often in the little mirror. The lips parted in a rosy smile—the eyes seemed almost to blush with the cheeks as they drooped beneath the well-cut eyelids. "It is come at last—at last!" she whispered softly. "The love I have so longed for—and it is such a true passion. He only knows my name; he does not even know that I am well-born, and he sees that I am poor and friendless. I told him I was going to Dives—we shall see if he follows me." And she went to bed, and dreamed of Arthur Seton.

An old woman, in a black-silk dress, over which a huge-bibbed brown holland apron was spread, sat plucking each leaf separately from the endive plants that lay in her lap, flinging them into the large shining brass pan of water beside her. She had a great black bonnet on her head to shield her from the sun—a necessary precaution at noon—for Madame Trudin's garden, though rich in vegetables, boasted of no trees but a few espaliers, and those that grew against the wall. It was, in fact, a perfect sun-trap, in which any one less accustomed to live out of doors would have been baked. But Madame Trudin, as she sat there, busily preparing her salad for breakfast, with her back towards her cottage, and her face to the sea, seemed to enjoy it quite as much as her parrot did, who was screaming "Bon jour" on his perch outside the vine-covered porch.

The click of the garden-gate sounded, and the parrot screamed "Bon jour" in yet louder tones.

"Ah!" The old lady shredded the few remaining leaves in double-quick time, rose up, and shook her apron. "I did not think it was so late. It must be Felicite, and I cannot even take off my apron."

She stood still, unwilling to turn her back on the expected guest, and still more unwilling to present herself before her orderly daughter in her present array; but she was not doomed to wait. Long before Felicite would have threaded the winding paths two soft arms were round Madame Trudin's neck, and Genevieve's sweet face was nestling against her plump old cheeks.

"Aha! good grandma, thou art taken by surprise! Elodie said I was not to come over till my aunt had gone back to St. Roque; but I dreamed I saw thee crying last night, and I woke crying, too, and then I said I will go over and see the good grandma, even if she does not want her troublesome little girl."

The good grandma plainly did want her. She held the fair young face between both her own hands, and kissed it on the forehead, the eyes, and on both cheeks, murmuring soft cooing words of love.

"How long hast thou been with Elodie, my jewel?"

"Only for three days; and after another week the aunt promised that I should make a long stay with thee. She does not want me at St. Roque, she says; she has so much teaching now."

"Faith! I thought it was just holiday time, and you would both come to grandma at once; but anyway, my child, thou art glad to be free of the hot, dusty city?"

"Yes and no, grandma; there are things I like, even in St. Roque." The lovely face was turned aside, and the large deep eyes seemed to be searching for something far away.

"Is it not, then, true that thou art a spoiled child, when thou canst say so to thy grandmother? ah bah!"—for Genevieve was kissing her again—"grandma knows better than to believe all the nonsense that comes out of that baby-mouth—get along then! We have a splendid breakfast for the aunt; but it would be better if we had some mussels. I saw the men coming up with their baskets a quarter of an hour ago. By the time thou hast brought them thy aunt will have arrived!"

Genevieve ran away; she was hardly out of sight, flying down the shingled road that led towards the fishermen's cottages, when the grandmere's ear heard the sound of wheels approaching.

This time she would not be caught. A shrill cry of "Marie" brought to her side a short, square woman, with a brown face, that must once have been pretty, surmounted by the high white cap of the Viroise peasantry, with its large muslin bow, just above the forehead-frill.

By signs, more than by words, Madame showed that she wished to be disencumbered of her apron, which, being tied behind, she could not possibly get at—(no one who looked at Madame Trudin could expect her to get round herself easily); and this, by dint of tiptoeing, Marie accomplished. Then the old lady dipped her not very clean hands in the water, in which lay the salad, and wiped them on Marie's skirts; she next wiped her face with a huge red-silk pocket-handkerchief, took a pinch of snuff, settled her bonnet, and finally seated herself in her chair, ready to receive her visitor.

Yes; she was coming now, there were steps outside the gate. She got up alertly, and walked towards it, to greet Felicite.

It was indeed Mademoiselle Trudin; but she was not alone. Standing beside her—in fact, opening the gate for her to pass in—was, as the old lady afterwards told Marie in the kitchen, "the handsomest man in the world."

Madame embraced her daughter, and was duly presented to Mr. Seton. Mademoiselle explained that this English gentleman was a friend of hers; she had met him quite by accident that morning in the omnibus that brought her to Dives—here Felicite blushed, and looked, her mother thought, wonderfully handsome, as she cast down her eyes—and Monsieur had said he wished to be presented to Madame Trudin.

The old lady's greeting was the rare mixture of grace and cordiality so charming and so peculiar to the old. It won Seton's heart. He decided that Madame Trudin had more of Genevieve than of Felicite in her, just while her daughter stood blessed more than ever in the conviction that he loved her only.

"And Monsieur will be good enough to eat something with us? We have breakfast exactly ready. Marie, you can serve the breakfast de suite; we shall not be seated before Mademoiselle Genevieve comes back!"

Madame screamed out this injunction so that Marie might hear in the kitchen. Felicite turned red, and then very pale. She glanced quickly at Seton, but he was so busy tormenting the parrot that she could not see his face.

Madame Trudin was already leading the way indoors. Felicite stepped up to her and took her by the arm.

"What are thou thinking of, grandma? Thy largest round table will only hold three! It is insufferable to be cramped at meals! What brings Genevieve here?"

She spoke in a cold, severe voice, that Madame Trudin plainly feared. In her

alarm, she had nearly said Genevieve had come over of her own accord; but motherly feeling checked the words. All at once, her cowed look departed, the smiles returned to her rosy old face, and she snapped her fingers in triumph.

"I have it, Felicite! I was thinking but now that Marie, in her sabots, would make a clumsy waitress for such a grand milord anglais. The little one shall wait on us herself, and she can eat at the little table."

Felicite looked gloomy. Then, remembering that she must appear at her best, she hurried up the uneven staircase into the bare, comfortless room she occupied at Dives. The walls were white-washed; a bed, a small basin, and a looking-glass, made up the furniture, unless a crucifix beside the bed be reckoned among it. Anxious as she was to get down-stairs, Felicite yet stayed to roll up her new bonnet strings and gloves with the practised neatness of a Frenchwoman, then, with just a glance to make sure that her hair and her collar were unruffled, she loosened her lips into a smile, and descended.

Genevieve was not in the tiny room, but three plates of soup were steaming on the snowy cloth, the middle of the table being filled by a loaf or roll certainly three feet long.

Madame had just placed her guests, and swathed her capacious chin and bosom in an enormous serviette, when Genevieve came in, bearing a plate of mussels, decorated with sprigs of purslane. She blushed as Seton rose and bowed to her; but he did this with such ceremonious politeness, that Felicite felt tranquillized, especially when she saw him resume his seat, in obedience to her mother's injunctions.

"Trouble not yourself, sir, for the little one—it is she who will serve us, is it not, ma bonne?" The old lady pinched the girl's blushing cheek, and held her the empty soup-plate.

For a moment Seton was vexed; but then it was only means to an end—breakfast would soon be over—he had got the privilege he coveted, of meeting Genevieve beneath her grandmother's roof; and if he did not have her all to himself before long, he should deserve any ill-luck that might befall him. As he thought thus, he became conscious, without looking up, that Felicite's eyes were intently fixed on him. He glanced quickly at her. What a world of passion there was in the gaze that met his for one instant, and then sank beneath it.

It struck him with a chilly fear that Aunt Felicite had mistaken his manner towards her. Then, with his usual carelessness, he argued:

"Well, and what then?—the only way is to keep her pacified by a little harmless attention, until I am sure of my footing with the old lady; after that, the aunt may go back to St. Roque as fast as she pleases, so long as Genevieve stays at Dives—and I will take care of that."

He could not help stealing a glance, every now and then, at the graceful girl, as she moved about noiselessly, changing the plates as deftly as if waiting had been her true vocation. The bright sunshine streamed in through the open casements, bordered and overhung with vine-leaves, and the scent of the sweet August flowers came in with the wasps that circled and buzzed round the table. Seton thought it was like a scene in a book; he gave himself up thoroughly to enjoyment, and even Felicite joined in the merriment of the little party.

The soup-plates were gone now, and instead appeared a cold chicken and the salad. Madame was seriously measuring and pouring in the regulated quantities of oil and vinegar, varying her employment by occasional chops at the wasps, when they came too close.

"It is waps—you call this animal in English, Monsieur?"

Seton tried to teach her the true pronunciation, but she shook her head and laughed.

"Ah! ma foi, non! Your accent of your language is too much of trouble. One of your countrymen try to teach me long times ago how it is you call poulet. I will show you I can speak Engleesh, but it is necessary always to sneeze. Monsieur, may I have the honor to carve for you a little of"—(here she made a prodigious attempt to sneeze)—"tschicken? There!" she added, triumphantly, "is it not with justice that I call it a villain language—a language where you must go through the trouble of sneezing if you will ask even for a bit of—tschicken?"

Seton laughed heartily, and, as crowning proof of favor, the old lady touched glasses with him. There was no wine, but the cider was potent, and she rattled on in one incessant flow of talk.

A dish of peaches from the garden, and some macaroons, ended the little feast. Genevieve had eaten, by her grandmother's orders, at the buffet. Seton could not see her face, but he remarked her perfect silence. Was she angry; could she think he was paying too much court to her aunt?—well, he would soon undeceive her. He had never seen anything so lovely as her apparition in the door-way, her little straw hat just shading her face, and the plate of mussels in her hand. He had decided on his line of conduct. Felicite would leave the room presently, and he should persuade the grandmother to let Genevieve sit to him for one of his contemplated pictures. He would not have gone on chattering so gayly to the aunt, if he had seen her niece's face. Poor little Genevieve! she could not eat any breakfast; there was a great lump in her throat which threatened to choke her if she tried to swallow. She had been so glad, so wild with happiness, to see him there seated beside her grandmother—she had been ready to wait on him, to do anything for his comfort or enjoyment; but why did he not speak to her—why had he so much pleasant talk, and such a devoted manner towards her aunt, and not one word for her?

"I want to speak with you a few minutes, Genevieve," said the low, musical voice of Felicite at her elbow. "Come to my room with me."

The girl felt a new, strange rebellion in her till now docile heart. She was not at St. Roque. Why should her aunt take so much upon herself in the grandmother's house? She followed slowly; and just as she went out of the door, she looked behind her. Arthur was waiting to meet her eyes; he knew they must seek his before she left him, and his glance of fond, warm admiration sent her after her aunt with quicker steps and a lighter heart. "He is no hypocrite, then," she said to herself; "he likes me; I am sure he likes me, and he will talk to me by-and-by."

"Genevieve"—Mademoiselle shut her bedroom door, and as it did not boast of any handle, leaned against it to keep it close—"why are you here to-day without leave from me or your grandmother?"

"I wanted to see grandma, and I came." Felicite wondered at the erect head, and glowing cheeks and eyes. So mutinous a mood must be controlled. She looked severe.

"You know you should not make me such an answer. I am your natural guardian now that my mother is old. You are selfish, Genevieve; she does not want you here to-day, although she would not be so inhospitable, as to tell you so; her house is small, and—"

"When grandmamma tells me to go, I will believe she does not want me," said Genevieve, and then she burst into tears of downright childish misery that Aunt Felicite should have taken up such a new whim as that of interfering between her and her beloved bonne maman.

"Leave off crying, silly child, and go home to Elodie quietly. I do not say it is from want of love that my mother desires thy absence, but simply because we are too many for her to-day."

Genevieve's eyes dried as if by magic.

"I cannot go back to Nourenne till I have said good-bye to her."

Felicite was not a captious, ill-tempered woman: in some ways she was much enduring; even now she wished no harm to Genevieve.

"Stay here, and I will send my mother to you, and then I expect you to go."

Felicite was perplexed. She did not want to leave Genevieve for one instant till she had seen her safely on her way to Nourenne; and yet, in the girl's new mood, which her aunt set down at once to the most insatiable vanity, she feared to bring matters to a doubtful issue by insisting on her departure without any leave-taking. While she went seeking Madame Trudin, Genevieve might purposely throw herself in the way of Seton. A girl did not fall into so strange a mood without cause. She had been spoiled by the grand-mere and by Elodie, and fancied herself entitled to admiration. Felicite's own heart told her that no one could see Seton without being fascinated by him: the kindest thing she could do was to send her niece away at once.

"Stay here till I come back again with my mother."

She pulled the door as closely as possible; and when she reached the staircase, stopped to listen. All was quiet: Genevieve did not, then, intend to follow her. The sigh of relief that escaped, showed how tense had been her previous fear.

She looked into the room; it was empty; but she heard her mother's voice—talking surely to Seton. Ah! that was what she wanted; while the old lady sent Genevieve away, she could so engross his attention that he would never miss the poor little girl, to whom his kindness might prove so hurtful.

If you had told Mademoiselle that on the adroit handling of this matter depended her own weal or woe, she would have smiled at you with that lofty air of hers, which so completely governed her mother and every one else.

But all this while Madame Trudin is talking through the kitchen window to Seton, who treads down the mignonette borders below it, that he may put in his head and admire the huge shining brass coffee-pot she shows him. He is getting out his sketch-book, vowing he will have its likeness, thereby eliciting peals of laughter from mistress and maid, for Marie stands just behind the old lady, with hands on her hips, playing chorus when needed.

There is a familiarity in this scene which offends Mademoiselle. She walks up to her mother—she has a question to ask, she says; but she takes care to smile, for Seton looks at her as she comes in. He has turned away now that she bends down to speak to the old lady; but Felicite is not troubled, he has left his sketch-book on the window-sill, and she shall join him in the garden directly.

He wanders round the house, looking in at all the windows to find Genevieve. She is alone, perhaps; he backs, and gazes at the upper story. Yes, there she is, looking out over the distant country, with a sad, heart-wrung expression on her lovely face.

"Come out here into the passage," said Felicite to Madame Trudin. "I do not like Monsieur Seton to see thee in the kitchen. English women do not attend to the details of their menage as we do; he may consider thy presence there ill-bred." Then, as briefly as possible, she told her mother to dismiss Genevieve.

"But, Felicite, what harm does the child do here?"

"My mother, have I ever led the astray by my advice? If thou dost not send the poor child away at once, thou wilt be her worst enemy.

"Thou art laughing at me, my daughter, as the men and women talk in the feuilleton of *Le Petit Journal*."

Felicite paused just an instant and listened. Genevieve had not unclosed her door yet. Time was important; but it was still more important that Madame Trudin should see really how matters stood.

"Come in here a moment, mother." She led the way to the salle, at the further end of the passage, away from the kitchen. Mademoiselle Trudin closed the casements; Seton might be close by.

Then she hinted—and her ambiguity was sadly puzzling at first to the downright comprehension of the old lady—that Mr. Seton had intentions in her favor; and that as it was plain that Genevieve was beginning to think a good deal of herself, Madame Trudin was bound, both by motherly duty and feeling, to keep the child out of his society. It has been said that the grandmother was downright—she made a hole in her manners now by her want of quick perception.

"Ah, my poor Felicite! and you think that if he looks at Spring he will not fancy full-blown Summer—courage, my child, thou art wondrously handsome still, and if he loves thee and has chosen thee, he will not be won away even by my sunbeam of a Genevieve."

"Thou art completely mistaken"—the old lady was alarmed at the stern dignity that stiffened every line of the proud face: "There is neither doubt nor fear in my mind about Mr. Seton; it is of Genevieve I speak—I fear for her. Mother, remember how I suffered once; wilt thou not spare this child?"

The words came with such strange earnestness that the mother, all unused to confidence of any kind from her wise, queen-like daughter, submitted at once.

"Good, good, my Felicite, thou art always thinking for every one. Go out into the garden to Monsieur; he has been left too long to amuse himself. I will send my poor little darling away, and if thou keepest the side of the garden farthest from the gate, no one need be any the wiser when she goes."

Felicite's lip curled at the last word. Was her mother still afraid that Genevieve could stand in her aunt's way?—and yet why did Felicite's own heart beat with such full painful throbs; could all this eager, pent-up feeling be only consideration for Genevieve?

Mr. Seton was not in the garden—at least, she could not find him there. While she stood perplexed, Mdme. Trudin's voice called from daughter's window:

"Ah, Felicite! Genevieve is gone—poor, dear little angel! without so much as saying 'Good-bye.'"

The dark shadow was on Mademoiselle's handsome face. She came into the house and called to Marie—

"Marie, did you see Mademoiselle Genevieve go away? Had she her hat on?"

"Yes." The privileged old servant came out, wiping her hands on her blue stuff apron. "Did you not hear Eloide just when you took Madame away into the salle? Well, she came calling Mademoiselle to see the fine haul of crabs they had brought in down below. I heard her tell Mademoiselle Genevieve she had come to fetch her home, and the Monsieur said he should like to see the crabs too, and they were all off to the shore together, not two minutes ago."

"Peste!" muttered so deeply between Felicite's teeth that no one could have heard it; but the old servant saw the tempest in her face. "They are together, after all!"

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Artists' Models in Rome.

A Rome correspondent of the Chicago Republican says: The living models are a curious class of people, and quite numerous. They are, in great part, Italians, and follow no other business. A model gets his run of customers and makes his engagements weeks ahead. In a school they generally pose a week at a time, for four hours each day, and in private ateliers for any required time. The schools usually have men for models two weeks, then a woman for one week, as the latter are more scarce and more easily drawn than men. The firmly-marked muscles of the male figure offer a much more difficult problem than the smooth contour of a woman. The same models pose in all the schools in their turn, coming round once a year or so, or oftener, right along, all their lives, perhaps. I know of one who has posed in a certain atelier regularly for more than thirty years.

One franc an hour is the ordinary compensation, but no model will come at all for less than four francs. Some who have extraordinary forms are able to get larger prices. There is a baker in town who has a face and form finely adapted to pictures of the time of Louis XIV., who is often employed by Meissonier and others at ten francs per hour. There is another fellow who has a Greek caste of form who gets six francs; and an Italian who poses for Christ, for eight francs. All the Italian models profess to pose for Christ, however villainous they may look; many also incline to the *role* of St. John. The women often have special fortes, as the Virgin Mary or Minerva, Venus, etc.

☞ The gold digger, under "Spiritual" direction, at Scitico, Conn., has abandoned his Spanish treasure and vanished. The cave he made is full of water.

☞ The following is said to have thrown its author into a purrs-pur-ation: If a cat purrs after she has scratched one, may it be taken as a re-pur-ation for the offence.

☞ A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.—Young ladies do not know what a beautifier industry is; how their plumage, like that on the dove's neck, plays and glances only when they move; how much men are like beasts of prey, which will touch only what has motion.

☞ An old woman who went into the poultry business some time since, under the expectation that she could make a fortune by selling eggs, has quitted it in disgust, because, as she says, "the hens never'll lay when eggs are dear, but always begin as soon as they get cheap."

☞ Rev. J. E. Clark illustrates the need of brevity and point in addresses to children, by a story of a clergyman who wearied a little girl by his long sermon, and as he was gathering himself for a new assault she cried out: "Oh, mother! he isn't going to stop at all, he is swelling up again!"

☞ The first Sunday-school in America of which there is an official report, was established in Ephrata, Lancaster county, Pa., in 1747, by Ludwig Hacker. It was kept up for more than thirty years, until the house in which it was kept was taken for a soldier's hospital during the Revolution.

☞ There is a sign in Harrison county, Indiana, bearing the following inscription: "Hearn & Wife, Saw and Grist Mill." To be grammatically correct, it should be His & Wife.

☞ Under "Wants" in a city daily a lady advertises that she "wants a gentleman for breakfast and tea." This fearful propensity to cannibalism accounts, in some degree, for the decrease of marriage; for, if such a woman didn't finish her man the second meal, what would become of him by supper time?

☞ A Quakeress said recently to a friend, in reference to the Quaker formula of marriage: "It is true, I did not promise to obey when I was married; but I might as well, for I have had to do it."

☞ Housekeeping has been introduced as a regular branch of instruction in German schools. Young ladies are required to write essays upon the probable price of food, the weight of fat or lean fowls, the method of fattening beeves, and in general upon whatever pertains to the economy of the culinary art.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CONGRESS.—On the 14th, Mr. Woodward, of Pennsylvania, submitted a resolution ordering an investigation in regard to the letter written by the Republican representation from Missouri to Senator Henderson, asking the latter to withhold his vote against conviction. The Speaker decided that it was not a question of the privileges of the House, but of the Senate—which was able to vindicate its own privileges.

Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, made a speech against inflation and in favor of a return to specie payments.

SURATT.—The trial of John H. Surratt, which was to have begun at Washington on the 12th, has been postponed until the next term of the court.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature have passed, over the Governor's veto, the bill abolishing the State Constabulary, by a vote of 145 to 62.

THE AMERICAN MEDICAL CONVENTION.—This body assembled in Washington, and was attended by some 450 delegates from all parts of the country. Dr. Gross, of Philadelphia, was President. The delegates, during their stay in Washington, visited the various hospitals and the army medical museum. They were also hospitably entertained by several residents of that city. Reports were made on medical education and kindred subjects, and were ordered to be printed.

MASSACHUSETTS.—In the House, on the 15th, the following resolution was offered by R. H. Dana, (Repub.) of Cambridge:—

"*Resolved*, That we have carefully abstained from the expression of any opinion as to the impeachment of the President, pending in the Senate of the United States, and from any act that might have even the appearance of an attempt to influence the result of judicial proceedings, and we intend to adhere to that course to the end. We do not consider that we depart from this, our course and policy, but rather affirm and carry out the same by deprecating, and we do solemnly deprecate all attempts to bring to bear upon Senators, in the discharge of their judicial duties, the force of asserted local opinions, and still more, the force of the organization of discipline, opinion or wishes of political parties.

"We believe that such action by whatever parties attempted is an impeachment of the character of the Senate, and destroys the moral effect of the judgment whichever way it may be rendered, and is subversive of our entire political system."

A long debate took place on the resolution, when the House voted by 100 yeas to 87 nays to indefinitely postpone the resolution.

In the Senate a preamble with the following resolution was offered by General Schouler and referred to the Committee on Federal Relations.

"*Resolved*, That, standing firm upon the principles of the Massachusetts Bill of Rights, and refraining from even an appearance of influencing by our action the vote of any Senator, and withholding any expression of opinion upon the question involved in the trial of the President, we nevertheless enter this, our solemn protest against the means taken by irresponsible parties to affect, by means of party machinery, the result of the trial, and to influence the votes of Senators whose sworn duty it is to render their judgments according to the law and evidence as it shall appear to them."

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the House of Commons, on the 12th inst., the reply of the Queen to the petition of the House, based on Mr. Gladstone's third resolution, was announced. The Queen says she desires that her interest in the temporalities of the Irish Church will not in any way hinder Parliamentary legislation on that subject.

George Francis Train, under arrest for debt in Dublin, Ireland, has been released on bail.

An anti-popery riot broke out at Aston-under-Lyne, on the 11th, the mob parading the streets, sacking houses, and committing other excesses. At the latest advices the riot had been suppressed, and the city was quiet.

AUSTRIA.—A bill guaranteeing the right of trial by jury has passed the lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath.

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.—The persecution of the Jews at Jassy and other portions of Moldavia has been brought to a sudden termination by the authorities, and those who have been forced to fly the country are permitted to return.

TURKEY.—The Sultan has opened the new Council in a speech, remarkable for its liberality. He said the time had come when the Turkish manners must yield to European civilization.

THE WEST INDIES.—Advices from Hayti state that Generals Nissage and Sagel have taken Fort Diantured and the town of St. Marie, and proclaimed Geffrard President.

The northern part of Hayti is in possession of Cacos. President Salnave is limited to the town of Genaive, which is surrounded by his adversaries, and will soon fall. A deputation has been sent to Kingston to request Geffrard to return to Hayti.

It is reported that the American Minister furnished money to instigate the revolution, and it is stated positively that Americans are in command of troops among the Cacos, who are well provided with funds.

It was also said that Hayti would be proclaimed a portion of the territory of the United States.

☞ Weston, the pedestrian, now proposes to walk from Bangor, Me., to St. Paul, Minnesota, and back to Buffalo, N. Y., in all 5,000 miles, in one hundred consecutive days. The main stakes are to be for $50,000, and the trial is to begin on the 18th of August and terminate on the 26th of November.

☞ Daniel Drew, in early life, labored in New Hartford, Oneida Co., N. Y., for fifty cents a day. It is a pity, some think, he ever left that honorable position.

☞ This epitaph is said to be taken from a stone in an old Connecticut graveyard:—

"Here we be
He and me
Twenty he
Forty she."

☞ The tax of one cent a box on matches last year netted to the Government a revenue of fifteen hundred thousand dollars.

A PLEA FOR EGGS.

Be gentle to the new-laid egg,
For eggs are brittle things;
They cannot fly until they're hatched,
And have a pair of wings.
If once you break the tender shell,
The wrong you can't redress;
The yolk and white will all run out,
And make a dreadful "mess."

'Tis but a little while at best
That hens have power to lay;
To-morrow eggs may addled be
That were quite fresh to-day.
Oh! let the touch be ever light
That takes them from the keg:
There is no hand whose cunning skill
Can mend a broken egg!

Society in New York.

There can be no blinking the fact that society in New York is not so safe a place for a man or woman to move about in as it was several years ago. So many tricks of Paris and follies of fashion have been introduced in what is called "good society," that it is no longer endurable to quiet, modest people. Nay, more, the larger parties and receptions that are given are but little more than repetitions of the Black Crook and White Fawn. In every part of our social life this imp of Parisian wickedness, this demoralization of the stage has crept. We can no longer take our wives and sisters to fashionable parties with any sense of security or respect. Such is the utter shamelessness displayed, such is the mantle of freedom thrown over the veriest loafers and libertines, that a right-minded person is disgusted.

It is certainly astonishing that any father should be willing to have his daughter for an hour at the mercy of what is known as fashionable society. He might as well condemn her to a life of unhappiness to begin with. Such tricking out with paint and powder, such half-naked displays of the shameless and immodest, such metallic ornamentations, such artifices and deceit, such namby-pamby conversation—it is all one great hollow sham. It makes nobody happier, and adds to nobody's respect. Better for us all to stay quietly in our homes, cultivate those higher graces which are the charm of a true society. Pity it is that such is the present condition of things in this city; but that it is true—sadly, terribly true—we think will not be questioned.—*New York World.*

"MYSTERIES OF THE MICROSCOPE.—Not that there is any especial hidden mystery in the innocent-looking, modest little instrument that presents objects to us as they really are, making huge monsters out of mere mites, and as often presenting most magnificent animals in what, to the unaided eye, appears an uncouth atom. The mystery is of the microscope. Its power, to our intelligence, as at present educated, is unintelligible, and would be magical, but that we know the microscope to be innocent of the black art, and the maker only a man like ourselves—a trifle more clever, perhaps, but not a mite of a magician. So much of thought is invoked by the advent of a red mite upon the edge of the white sheet now under the point of my pen, and the ruby dot—a mere point to the naked eye—hurrying over the white field, a perfect crimson streak. If a man were to run at that rate, according to bulk, he would get over the ground about a thousand miles an hour, and race entirely round the world in a day and night, with three hours left for refreshment.

"Arresting the atomic red runaway, and clapping him under my SEMPER PARATUS Craig Microscope, in an instant I had under my eye a wonder—a bright crimson bird, wingless, like the penguin, but perfect in proportions, and of most exquisite beauty; its downy plumage brilliantly bright; its six perfect bird legs, three set on either side. I saw there the secret of the rapid race. Fancy a turkey gobbler with six legs, each one putting in its quota of speed! Wouldn't the old fellow outrun a hurricane? Then there are the five white delicate toes, more like a fair lady's fingers, to each foot; black, lustrous eyes; and beak like that of the great 'war eagle'—all harmonious; but strange—very wonderful—mysterious—the manner in which that single bit of clear glass metamorphoses the tiny red mite into a great magnificent bird! There, go out with you, and go your way, diminished to a red atom, almost infinitessimal again! Scud—scatter, crimson speck, and leave me to my say of my magnificent miracle.

"Before I was the proprietor of this Craig glass, for which I paid $2.50, I had, for ten years, used a French instrument, which cost me, I think, $55.00, of feebler power, and less reliable. With the French 'Cressaix,' I searched long and fruitlessly for the 'trichina spiralis,' that savants guessed was in our American pork. With the $2.50 Craig I laid hold of it plainly and positively at the second trial. That was two years ago this month. Is it recorded that any one had discovered the pork pests earlier than that date? If not, then they were first found under an American microscope; and so much for the skill and ingenuity of American mechanism.

"For the farmer and fruit-grower, especially, these simple, practical instruments are invaluable; and, to their children, a source of education, amusement, and real instructive pleasure, of which they will never grow weary. A bright little girl of ten years, daughter of a farmer friend, to whom I loaned mine, actually acquired a fuller and more correct knowledge of half a hundred insect inhabitants of her neighborhood, in six weeks' practice with the microscope, than a professed entomologist, principal of a neighboring seminary, had acquired in thirty years of study."—From the AMERICAN FARMER.—Written for it by the late Dr. R. C. Kendall, alias "Cosmo," of Philadelphia, Agricultural Editor. The Craig Microscope is made by Mr. George Mead, Racine, Wisconsin, who sends it by mail, post-paid, for $2.75.

☞ One evening, we are told, after a weary march through the desert, Mahomet was camping with his followers, and overheard one of them say, "I will loose my camel and commit it to God," on which Mahomet spoke. "Friend, *tie* thy camel and commit it to God."

Lola Montez.

The death, a few weeks ago, of the old ex-King of Bavaria, the friend and protector of Lola Montez, has caused a revival of gossip about that noted and notorious woman. You may remember that she died here seven or eight years ago, in a condition bordering on destitution. The physician who cared for her in her last illness never received pay for his services, and the owner of the little garret where she died had a bill for several weeks' rent that he could not collect. The headstone that marks her grave in Greenwood was paid for by one of Lola's acquaintances, and bears the simple inscription "Eliza Gilbert," with her age, which I do not exactly remember.

During her last illness a lawyer of this city waited upon her physician and told him that Lola owned certain real estate in Bavaria, presented to her by the king, and which she was at full liberty to sell, while if she neglected to sell it, the property would revert to the government at her death. They offered two hundred thousand dollars for the title deeds, or rather for her signature to certain papers they had prepared. The poor suffering woman took the papers and offered to consider the matter. Here was an opportunity to settle herself comfortably for the remainder of her life, to pay all her indebtedness and fully compensate all who rendered her service. Only her signature, properly certified, upon two documents, to gain two hundred thousand dollars. But on the other hand she professed to have changed her heart and conduct, and abandoned for ever her life of wickedness. Believing herself a Christian, could she accept this pecuniary compensation for her vicious career in Bavaria? At the end of three days she signified her willingness to sign the papers. Witnesses were called, she wrote her name at the bottom of one document and began the signature to the second. As she formed the second or third letter she dropped the pen with a second explanation, and refused to write more. Tearing the papers into fragments, she declared that no pecuniary distress could induce her to accept this price of her shameless course, and forbade the subject ever to be mentioned to her again. And so she resisted temptation and died in poverty. —*T. W. Knox, to Cin. Gaz.*

From the American Agriculturist, N. Y. City.

"The Great American Tea Company," 31 and 33 Vesey street, N. Y., advertised in our columns, though doing an immense business all over the country, has not even been complained of to us more than two or three times in as many years. On this account, as well as for other reasons we have previously stated, we believe general satisfaction is given to their customers. But stimulated by their success, several of the swindling fraternity have started or pretend to have started other "Tea Companies,"—some copying very nearly the advertisements, etc., of the old company. Some of these we know to be humbugs, (one was noted last month,) and as to others we have not evidence sufficient to warrant us in admitting their advertisements.

☞ The English are advocating our cheese factory system, for they say American cheese has become so good as seriously to compete with their best, and they complain that the Americans are sharp fellows.

☞ Many years ago the late Amos Cummings, meeting a bank president in the street, suggested to him that he should want some money in a day or two. "If you wish to talk money," replied the president, "you can call in at the bank, and I will talk with you." A few days afterward, the bank president meeting Mr. C., asked him the price of flour. "If you wish to talk flour, sir, you can call in at my store, and I will talk with you," was the quick retort.

☞ An English paper has discovered the line which divides a distinction from a difference. It says that "a little difference frequently makes many enemies; while a little distinction attracts hosts of friends to the person on whom it is conferred."

☞ The elephant Romeo broke from his fastenings at a circus in New York last Friday, killed a dog and was proceeding to commit other damage, when he was stopped by a shot in the only eye that remained to him, so that he is now entirely blind. His other eye was shot out last winter.

☞ The personal squabbles in the House recently, prove that some of our Representatives are proficients (and the others great admirers of) the art of blackguardism. John Morrissey, after all, seems to be quite a gentleman among them.

☞ A California paper has this encouraging notice of a *debutant*:—"The young man would do well enough in small *roles*, if he were not at a loss what to do with his arms and legs, and had a better presence and delivery, and a slight knowledge of stage business, together with several years of professional experience."

☞ Two Englishmen, one of whom is known to love his money, were at dinner in a Paris restaurant. "Let's have a bottle of Corton!" said Reckless, who is very poor. "Well, Corton is deuced dear," said Dives; "let's have some ordinary Bordo!" So they did; and when it came Dives tasted it, and said: "Now I call that good. That's what I call an honest wine." "Yes," replied his friend, "I should say poor, but honest."

☞ "Ma," said a three year old boy, "what is Mr. ——'s baby doing?" He pointed to the chromo of the Reading Magdalen. "She's reading," said his mother. "No, she isn't," responded the boy. "What do you think she is doing, then?" asked the mother. "She's crying because Mr. —— won't buy her any clothes!"

☞ An old gentleman in New York, about 80 years of age, a short time ago made three attempts on the same day to commit suicide—first, by hanging himself by the neck; next by drowning, placing his head in a pool of water, and the last time by cutting his throat with a razor. On the first attempt he was interrupted; the second time he was unobserved, but he says he could not make his head stay under water, and the third time he only succeeded in inflicting slight gashes.

☞ Garibaldi has lucid intervals. At Orvieto, a few weeks ago, when a lot of idlers shouted "*Evviva la Republica!*" under his window, he exclaimed impatiently, "You call for the Republic, and you are not fit for it. You must first learn to work."

Why not also Use the Left Hand?

This suggestion from the Atlas is worth considering:—"It is a very old custom to quit the Celestials about the cramping shoe, wherewith they are wont to afflict the Celestial fair; but why do we, with all our wisdom, persist in condemning the left hand to comparative uselessness? there is no reason in nature for it. It is every bit as well endowed as the right, and possesses, if anything, more delicacy of touch. A button polisher at Birmingham realized a fortune by departing from our time-honored custom. He set his people to polish with both hands at once, and thus executed nearly double the quantity of work, and attained a more brilliant surface. Is there, after all, any latent cause for this general tying-up of the left? We have never heard of one, and have quite failed to discover any. Let any one perseveringly try it for a time, and he will find the neglected one soon enter into competition with the right. It improves both.

A THOUSAND years a poor man watched
Before the gates of Paradise;
But while one little nap he snatched,
It oped and shut. Ah! was he wise?

☞ The interior of the Abyssinian fortress of Magdala, recently captured by the British, presented a dazzling sight. The place was glowing with barbaric splendor, and was of course at once plundered by the captors. They found four royal crowns made of solid gold, $20,000 in silver, 1,000 silver plates, several lots of rich jewels, and other articles of great value.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been very quiet. 500 bbls of City Mills extra and family sold at $11@12; 500 bbls of Jenny Lind at $14, and 7000 bbls at $6,50@9 for superfine; $8,50@10,50 for extra; $10,50@11,75 for Northwest extra family; $10,50@12,50 for Penna extra family; $11@13 for Ohio extra family, and $13,50@15 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. 300 bbls of Rye Flour sold at $9,40@9,50. 200 bbls of Penna Corn Meal sold at $5,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce. 30,000 bus of red sold at $2,50@2,58 for fair to prime, and $2,90 for choice. White ranges from $3@2,30 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye—15@16c ₩ bus. 2500 bus prime Penna sold at $1,90@2,10 ₩ bus. Corn—25,000 bus yellow sold at $1,26@1,28c; 25,000 bus of Western mixed at $1,24@1,25, and 5000 bus white at $1,18@1,21 ₩ bus. Oats—18,000 bus of Western sold at 90c; 12,000 bus of Penna at 82@85c, and 20,000 bus of Southern at 95@98c ₩ bus, the latter for choice light.

PROVISIONS—The market has been quiet. Sales of Mess Pork at $29@30, and prime at $24@27. City packed Mess Beef is selling at $28. Beef Hams sell at $37@40 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 20@22c; Sides at 17@18c; and Shoulders at 14½@15c ₩ lb. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 19@19½c, and salt Shoulders sold at 13½@14c. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs at 20c ₩ lb; and kegs, in small lots, at 20½@21c ₩ lb. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 25@35c, and roll at 30@45c ₩ lb, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 16@16½c ₩ lb.

COTTON—The market has been dull; about 800 bales of middlings sold in lots at 30@31c for Uplands, and 31@32c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Dried Apples; sales at 6@8½c ₩ lb. Peaches; sales of quarters at 7½@9c, and halves at 11@12c ₩ lb. Pared Peaches range at from 10@22c ₩ lb. Green Apples sell at from $4@8 ₩ bbl.

PLASTER—A cargo of soft sold at $5,50 ₩ ton.

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PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, Chestnut St. above Tenth. The 45th Annual Exhibition of Paintings, Statuary and Architecture, is now open daily from 9 A. M., till 7 P. M., and from 6 till 10 in the evening. Admittance 25 cents. Season tickets 50 cents. my2-5t

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NEWPORT, R. I., MAY 18, 1868.

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N. B.—Our sale should NOT be classed with New York dollar jewelry sales or bogus "Tea Companies," as it is nothing of the sort.
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WIT AND HUMOR.

Mixed Up Slightly.

Here is a little article from the pen of Mark Twain, giving an account of a visit, while in New York, to the great Bible House:

Still on the fifth floor is a huge room with nineteen large Adams's steam presses, all manned by women (four of them confounded pretty, too,) snatching off Bibles in Dutch, Hebrew, Yam yam, Cherokee, etc., at a rate that was truly fructifying to contemplate. (I don't know the meaning of that word, but I heard it used somewhere yesterday, and it struck me as being an unusually good word. Any time that I put in a word that doesn't balance the sentence good, I would be glad if you would take it out and put in that one.) Adjoining was another huge room for drying the printed sheets (very pretty girls in there, and young), and pressing them (the sheets, not the girls). They used hydraulic presses, (three of the prettiest wore curls, and never a sign of a waterfall—the girls I mean)—and each of them is able to down with the almost incredible weight of eight hundred tons of solid simonpure pressure, (the hydraulics I am referring to now, of course), and one has got blue eyes, and both the others brown. Ah me! I have got this hydraulic business tangled a little, but I can swear that it is no fault of mine. You needn't go to blame me about it. You have got to pay just the same as if it were as straight as a shingle. I can't afford to go in dangerous places, and then get my wages docked in the bargain.

Woman's Word-Book.

Abandon—A term synonymous with "jilt." Used by the jilters. "The fact is, my dear, I was obliged to abandon him.

Abominable—The conduct of a man who has flirted without coming to the point. Used by mammas.

About—An indefinite preposition affixed to sums spent or received. About £5 disbursed means generally over a tenner. About £5 paid in house bills means a couple of sovereigns or so.

Absurd—Every argument which does not entirely coincide with a woman's wishes.

Abuse—Any serious remark inculcating a reprimand.

Abusive—Admits of different definitions according to the station of the persons employing it. A cook is abusive who informs her mistress she is a stingy old cat, and ought to be ashamed of calling herself a lady. But the cook says her mistress is abusive when she replies, "It is very sad to hear you speak in such a manner, and you must leave my house at once."—*Tomahawk.*

General Sherman.

The Columbus Journal tells the following of General Sherman:—"At one of the Connecticut towns where he was brought out on the platform to be seen by his fellow-citizens, just before the train left he observed a tall, awkward-looking fellow approach the cars, elbowing the crowd in the most excited manner, and bellowing 'Sherman! Sherman! don't you know me?' The General intimated that he did not, at the moment, recognize his questioner as a familiar acquaintance. 'Don't you remember, down in Georgia, stopping one day on the march where there was a crowd of fellows looking on at a chicken fight?' The General laughed. 'Yes, he did remember.' 'Well,' said the fellow, with a grin of ineffable satisfaction and modest triumph, 'that was my rooster what whipped.'"

ANECDOTE OF WHITEFIELD.—A new book on Whitefield has recently appeared in England, from which we quote two anecdotes that we do not remember to have seen hitherto in print:

When Mr. Whitefield was in the zenith of his popularity Lord Clare, who knew that his influence was considerable, applied to him, by letter, requesting his assistance at Bristol at the ensuing general election. To this request Mr. Whitefield replied that in general elections he never interfered; but he would earnestly exhort his lordship to use great diligence *to make his own particular calling and election sure.*

A LOST CHATTEL.—Every one remembers "the intelligent contraband" who so often brought us news from the enemy's lines. One of this type, on reporting himself, was examined by an officer on duty.

"Where are you from?" he asked.

"Culpepper Court House, sah."

"Any news?"

"Nothin', massa, 'cept dars a man down dar lost a mighty good and waluable nigger dis mornin'; and I 'speck he dun lose more afore de night!"

He was allowed to pass on.

A CURIOSITY.—Meeting a gentleman of his acquaintance one day in the street, Dr. M—— was informed of a singular circumstance which had just happened: 'A child had been born half black." Questioning his informer as to the fact, and dwelling upon its remarkable nature, he went on with the declaration, "he must look into that;" and a day or two after called upon his friend for further particulars. "What," he asked, "was the color of the other half of the child?" "Black, too." The doctor, who was a great wag, was sold.

RITUALISM.—An advanced young woman of seven or eight summers had been brought up to go to "meeting," and consequently was ignorant of the doctrinal significance of the terms High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, Ritualism, etc., etc. She had been taken by a friend to the Episcopal Church on a Communion Sunday, and on returning home was asked by her papa how she liked the service. She replied: "I don't like to go to a place where the minister has to *change his shirt three times during meeting!*"

JUVENILE CURIOSITY.—"Won't you cut open a penny for me, father?" said a little girl, when she came home from school one day.

"Cut open a penny! What do you want me to do that for?" asked her father.

"'Cause," said the little girl, "our teacher says that in every penny there are four farthings, and I want to see them."

LOOKING FORWARD.

OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.—"Pray, don't put too many coals on, Mary! It makes me shiver to think that in three hundred years we shall have none left!"

ALLEEN.

BY PENHURST.

The moon was high across the dell;
The river at our feet
Was whispering to the yellow sands,
A story low and sweet:—
You know the mellow mavis trilled
Across the yellow lea
His love-song, and we fondly felt
'Twas meant for you and me,
Alleen,
'Twas meant for you and me.

I mind me of the happy hush,
That fell along the air:
We looked into each other's eyes,
And read a lesson there;
And oh, how glad a hope rose up!
How joyous, fresh and free
The first wild-flower of love that sprung
To bloom for you and me,
Alleen,
To bloom for you and me.

We parted late; the nightly dews
Were streaked with belts of gray;
A fiery star sped up across
The rosy edge of day;
Haply the treacherous river bore
Our secret to the sea;—
It left behind one happy night
Of love to you and me,
Alleen,
Of love to you and me.

"No Secret, Doctor."

"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor; who had a kind and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. 'No secret, doctor,' he replied, 'I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready; and she has done so many little things to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody.'" What influence then has woman over the heart of man to soften it, and make it the foundation of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; a kind greeting, after the toils of the day are over, costs nothing, and goes far towards making home happy and peaceful. Young wives and girls, candidates for wives, should keep this in mind; as to older wives, experience may have already taught them this important lesson. And what we say to wives, we say also to husbands. A loving word and kiss go very far with a woman.

Primitive Color of the Horse.

With respect to the primitive color of the horse having been dun, Col. Hamilton Smith has collected a large body of evidence, showing that this tint was common in the East as far back as the time of Alexander, and that the wild horses of Western Asia or Eastern Europe are, or recently were, of various shades of dun. He tells us that not very long ago, a wild breed of dun-colored horses with a spinal stripe was preserved in the royal parks in Prussia. I hear from Hungary that the inhabitants of that country look at the duns with the spinal stripe as the aboriginal stock, and so it is in Norway. Dun-colored ponies are not rare in the mountainous parts of Devonshire, Wales and Scotland, where the aboriginal breed would have had the best chance of being preserved. In South America, in the time of Azara, when the horse had been feral for about 250 years, 90 out 100 horses were "bai-chatans, and the remaining ten were zains," and not more than one in 2,000 black. Zain is generally translated as dark without any white; but as Azara speaks of mules being "zain-clair," I suspect that zain must have meant dun-colored. In some parts of the world feral horses show a strong tendency to become roans. In the following chapters on the pigeon we shall see that in pure breeds of various colors, when a blue bird is occasionally produced, certain black marks invariably appear on the wings and tail; so, again, when variously colored breeds are crossed, blue birds with the same black marks are frequently produced. We shall further see that these facts are explained by, and afford strong evidence in favor of, the view that all the breeds are descended from the rock-pigeon, or *Columba livia*, which is thus colored and marked. But the appearance of the stripes on the various breeds of the horse, when of a dun color, does not afford nearly such good evidence of their descent from a single primitive stock as in the case of the pigeon; because no certainly wild horse is known as a standard of comparison; because the stripes when they do appear are variable in character; because there is far from sufficient evidence of the appearance of the stripes from the crossing of distinct breeds; and, lastly, because all the species of the genus equus have the spinal stripe, and several have shoulder and leg stripes. Nevertheless the similarity in the most distinct breeds in their general range of color, in their dappling, and in the occasional appearance, especially in duns, of leg stripes and of double or trible shoulder stripes, taken together, indicate the probability of descent of all the existing races from a single dun-colored, more or less striped, primitive stock, to which our horses still occasionally revert. —*Darwin's Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication.*

An Abyssinian Beau.

The natives distil a spirit from their barley, which is said to be something between gin and Hollands in flavor. I have not yet tasted any. Very thick is the throng round a Parsee belonging to the commissariat, who is buying up all he can get for government at a dollar for nineteen pounds. Near him is another little crowd; here another commissariat employee is similarly engaged in buying up ghee—that is, clarified or boiled butter—for the native troops. It does not look very nice, and what does not make the sight the pleasanter is, that the women, when they have emptied the jars into the commissariat casks, invariably wipe them out with their hands, then plaster the remainder upon their heads.

An Abyssinian does not consider himself properly dressed unless his hair is shining with oil, not put on or rubbed on, but plastered on, and running down his neck as the sun melts it. The idea is not, according to our ideas, pleasant, but it is a matter of taste. When an Abyssinian really wants to make a great effect, he uses butter, not ghee, and puts it on until his head is as white as that of a London footman. Then he is conscious that he has indeed done it, and walks with a dignity befitting his appearance. There were several swells of the period so got up at the market, and as they stood under the shelter of their straw umbrellas—for the sun would melt and destroy the whole effect—I could not but wonder at and admire the different forms which human vanity takes.—*Letter from the British Camp.*

Politeness.

It is a graceful habit for children to say to each other, "Will you have the goodness?" and "I thank you." We don't like to see prim, artificial children; there are few things we dislike so much as a miniature beau or belle. But the habit of good manners by no means implies affection or restraint. It is quite as easy to say, "Please give me a piece of pie," as to say, "I want a piece of pie." The idea that constant politeness would render social life stiff and restrained, springs from a false estimate of politeness. True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you would like to be treated yourself. A person who acts from this principle will always be said to have "sweet pretty ways with her." It is of some consequence that your daughter should know how to enter and leave a room gracefully, but it is of prodigiously more consequence that she should be in the habit of avoiding whatever is disgusting or offensive to others, and of always considering their pleasure as well as her own.

☞ An instructor in a school for young ladies in Berlin has been discharged because he gave, as a subject for essays, "Sentiments and feelings at the sight of an officer of cavalry."

☞ Adam asked Eve if he might take a kiss. She replied:—"I don't care, Adam, if you do." Innocent-minded readers will see nothing in this!

AGRICULTURAL.

The Tobacco Worm and Miller.

A Kentucky planter relates his experience as follows in the Ruralist:—

Having, like all tobacco planters, suffered by the ravages of this destructive insect, I set myself to watch its movements and ascertain its habits. I found it intensely fond of sucking the blossom of the "Jimson weed," (Jamestown weed,) thorn apple, (stramonium,) wild morning glory, &c.; but especially the former. At the time of setting out the plants, I set out among them eight or ten "Jimson" plants, which grew and blossomed just in time for this cuss of an insect. I procured from a druggist an ounce of pulverised fly powder or fly stone, (cobalt, probably the corrosive chloride of mercury would be as good or better,) mixed it with water making it very sweet with honey, (sugar or molasses will do as well,) put it in a half pint bottle, with a cork, through which I inserted a goose quill. Thus armed, I went every evening between sunset and twilight, and dropped about three drops of the mixture into the "Jimson" blossoms, and the next day would pick up handsful of the dead insects, and so eminent was my success, that many of my neighbors were induced to try the experiment, and the consequence is, that the crops of our neighborhood are much less injured than usual by them. The poison destroys the particular blossom to which it is applied as well as the fly. Hence it is necessary to drop it into the new blossoms which put out every day. My crop has been so far protected this year by this process as scarcely to show that any such insect existed at all.

We copy the above not only for the benefit of tobacco raisers, but to remark that this planter went to work in a very sensible way —*observing the habits of the insect*,—and was rewarded for his pains by a discovery of which he was able to avail himself to good purpose. Does not this experience contain a hint to gardeners and fruit raisers? Can they not find, if they carefully watch the habits of the insects which injure their plants, some plant or flower which they can use as a bait for their destruction?

To Prevent Animals Jumping Fences.

Various devices have been resorted to in order to prevent such trespasses, and especially in regard to sheep, but none have succeeded, or only in a limited degree. Now we have a new one, and if it is not cruel or painful, or will not greatly discommode the animal operated upon, and is a remedy, we can see no objection to employing it. It is to "*clip off the eyelashes of the under lids, with a pair of scissors, and the ability or disposition to jump is as effectually destroyed as Sampson's power was by the loss of his locks.* The animal will not attempt a fence again until the eyelashes are grown."

This fact has been promulgated by that distinguished breeder of cattle, Mr. Samuel Thorne, of Dutchess county, N. Y., who states that he tested it upon a very breachy pair of oxen with entire success. He considers a knowledge of the fact of great value to himself, and hopes it will prove so to others.

Remedy for Rust in Wheat.

The following, from a distinguished German Agriculturist, is taken from a Bremen paper:—

For thirty years I have found this method successful in preventing rust in wheat: Some hours, at the longest six or eight, before sowing, prepare a steep of three measures of powdered quicklime, and ten measures of cattle urine. Pour two quarts of this upon a peck of wheat, and stir with a spade till every kernel is covered white with it. By using wheat so prepared, rust of every kind will be avoided; and I have often noticed that while, in the neighboring fields, a great part of the crop is affected by rust, in mine, lying close by it, not a single ear so affected could be found.

The same writer says he takes the sheaves and beats off the ripest kernels with a stick, and uses the grain thus obtained for seed.

WIND-MILLS FOR FARMERS.—I have a wind-mill which I have built the past winter, with a fourteen-foot wheel, six-horse power, which far exceeds my expectation for sawing wood. I think with one drag saw two hundred cords of stove-wood a year is a low estimate of what it will cut to run it all the time when there is wind. I only run one drag saw, yet I intend to put in a circular saw and some other machinery. I hope if your correspondent intends to build a wind-mill, he will not be discouraged by the poor opinion of the wind entertained by you, but will call and see mine for himself. A small mill to churn, conduct a washing machine and grind coffee would be very fine, but what is that compared with sawing a year's wood in a few days, out of old growth, hard wood?—*D. W. Morey in Maine Farmer.*

LICE ON CATTLE.—A thorough washing of cattle in water in which potatoes have been boiled, with a sprinkle of ashes under them occasionally, I will warrant to prevent their ever being troubled with lice. I think hens should never be allowed to roost with cattle.

RECEIPTS.

Contributed Receipts.

FOR COOKING RIPE TOMATOES.—Cut in slices nearly an inch thick, lay in common baking pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper, add a tablespoonful of butter. Bake from fifteen to twenty minutes. Just before lifting, pour over two spoonsful of sweet cream.

PRESERVING FRUIT.—For currants, gooseberries or cherries, take one-fourth sugar, cook slowly fifteen minutes, put in cans and seal hot. For peaches, plums, ripe grapes and sweet apples, one-fifth sugar is sufficient.

Having tried this method, I can recommend it for several reasons. Fruit canned in this way it is not so expensive as that preserved in the old way, with half sugar and a half day's cooking, and makes a much more wholesome and quite as delicious sauce. It will not ferment or freeze near so easily as that canned in the usual way without sugar.

LUCERN ELLIOTT.

THE RIDDLER.

Mythological Enigma.

I am composed of 59 letters.

My 10, 30, 39, 17, 3, 47, was a Scythian priest of Apollo.

My 30, 40, 35, 54, 17, 50, 57, 4, was a famous giant, who had fifty heads, and one hundred arms.

My 45, 8, 58, 20, 48, 13, 51, 17, 54, was the daughter of Priam and Hecuba, who prophesied to the Trojans in vain.

My 28, 41, 19, 45, 10, 31, 1, 12, 33, was a son of Prometheus, king of Thessaly, who, with his wife, was preserved in a small boat from a flood which drowned the rest of Greece.

My 49, 54, 44, 9, 57, 33, was a rural deity of the ancient Latins.

My 20, 27, 40, 51, 3, 57, 34, was a celebrated Phrygian husbandman.

My 16, 14, 31, 1, 45, 53, 9, was a hill of Bœotia, sacred to Apollo and the muses.

My 38, 8, 11, 7, 18, 36, 50, 19, 47, was a king of Elis, struck by lightning for imitating the thunder of Jove.

My 42, 50, 17, 2, 44, 25, 13, 57, 4, was a deity presiding over the seasons.

My 20, 56, 40, 37, 6, 9, 47, were the daughters of Phorcys who had the power to change men into stone.

My 5, 48, 29, 21, 1, 30, 20, 15, 24, 13, was a hero of modern times.

My 23, 35, 52, 46, 14, was once used in binding a powerful person.

My 55, 32, 45, 2, 43, 17, was a son of Priam, slain by Achilles.

My 23, 41, 30, 50, was a goddess, who lost her position by her awkwardness.

My whole is a beautiful Talmudic proverb.

Any person sending the answer of the above Enigma to the undersigned, with their photograph, will receive his in return.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Riddle.

I am composed of 4 letters.

Omit my first and I unclose.

Take away my second and I sound the name of a vegetable.

My third, second, and first, expresses contempt.

My first, second, and fourth, is a garden implement.

My whole is the sustaining influence of life.

EMILY.

Baltimore, Md.

Problem.

I place in a bag 20 one cent pieces, 15 two cent pieces, 12 three cent pieces, and 9 five cent pieces. After the bag has been thoroughly shaken, four boys each draw one piece therefrom. Required—the probability that the first will draw a 5, the second a 3, the third a 2, and the fourth a 1 cent piece.

WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

Suppose a bag contains 10 white, 12 black, and 25 red balls. Suppose a person takes out 9 balls at random, one at a time. Required—The probability that he has 2 white, 3 black, and 4 red balls.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What Christian knights do life-boat men resemble? Ans.—Crusaders (crews aiders.)

☞ When is a man putting on his boots like Jupiter? Ans.—When he's troubled with a tight-un (Titan.)

☞ What did the spider do when he came out of the ark? Ans.—He took a fly, and went home.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, December eleventh, sixteen hundred and twenty. ENIGMA—William Herchell. RIDDLE—Flowers.

Answer to ENIGMA in Post of April 18th—Dream. Howard B. Grose, Chester W. Charl, M. Stearns, Susan J. Miller, Addie J. Cox, and Emma Rubert.

CORRECTION.—The word "externally," in A. Martin's Problem of May 9th, should be *internally.*

RHUBARB PUDDING.—Cut up the rhubarb as for pies, cover the bottom of your pudding pan (nice white or yellow ware) with slices of bread and butter, sprinkle with rhubarb and sugar, then another layer of bread and butter alternately till your dish is full. Bake half an hour or less. Excellent, warm or cold.

BREAKFAST BATTER CAKES WITHOUT EGGS.—One pint milk, one pint water mixed; make a batter of wheat flour and one-third white Indian meal; add one teaspoon or more of salt, and one teacupful of brewer's yeast. These cakes are very good. Bake on a griddle like buckwheat cakes.

CREAM MUFFINS.—Take a quart of sour cream, and two eggs well beaten, a teaspoonful of salt; stir the eggs into the cream gradually; add sifted flour enough to make a thick batter, dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus in as much vinegar as will cover it, and stir it in at the last; bake in small cakes on the griddle, or in muffin rings in the dripping-pan of a stove.

WAFFLES.—Make a batter of a pound and a half of flour, quarter of a pound of melted butter, and two large spoonsful of yeast; put in three eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately; mix it with a quart of milk, and put in the butter just before you bake; allow it four hours to rise; grease the waffle-irons, fill them with the batter—bake them on a bed of coals. When they have been on the fire two or three minutes, turn the waffle-irons over—when brown on both sides, they are sufficiently baked. The waffle-irons should be well greased with lard, and very hot before each one is put in. The waffles should be buttered as soon as cooked. Serve them up with powdered white sugar and cinnamon.